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“ROMAN CONVERTS”

I

I RECEIVED the other day a letter which stated, in rather eccentric spelling, that it was inconceivable for an educated man to consent to join the Catholic Church. I am not at all sure that I am an educated man; but I am educated enough not to judge people by their spelling; so I read the letter through with some care and a good deal of sympathy. The writer was a perfectly honest man who was denouncing something that I should denounce even more indignantly, if it existed to be denounced. And the letter reminded me that I had promised to write some notes on the book by Mr. Arnold Lunn called *Roman Converts*, or rather especially upon the section of it which honours me with special consideration. For Mr. Arnold Lunn represents a very remarkable phase in the transition from the original type of my Protestant correspondent to something totally different and indeed totally incompatible.

Four hundred years ago the world, or a great and growing part of the world, put the Catholic Church in the dock and read out against her a long roll of accusations, upon which they demanded her death. As the trial of Warren Hastings lasted for half a lifetime the trial of the Church on these charges has lasted not less than four lifetimes. It will end, it is already ending, with an acquittal—on those charges. On every one of the vital and particular points of that indictment, the world has in the interval come round to the Church's side. The people of the Great War

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will not condemn her for praying for the dead; the contemporaries of the feminist movement will not condemn her for exalting a Woman to her altars; the progressives and the meliorists will not condemn her merely for hoping for the improvement of a sinner after death; the ethical and the efficient will not condemn her merely for believing in the efficiency of works as well as faith; an age of æsthetes will not condemn her for ritual and symbolism; an age of social reformers will not condemn her for condemnation of usury or interference with individual commercialism. Some of these points are more slowly apprehended than others; but the world will almost certainly not condemn her on any of the points on which she was called up to be condemned. It was naturally necessary, therefore, to make out a new list of charges even if they completely contradicted the old ones. Mr. Arnold Lunn is a highly intelligent and interesting representative of those who hold this new brief. He is far too clever and cultivated to preserve the old prejudices or waste time in retrieving the old defeats. In matters like the Newman and Kingsley controversy he accepts the verdict of the civilized world in a manly and magnanimous fashion; and even his strictures on modern people like Mr. Belloc and myself are accompanied with compliments, which I should like to acknowledge at the beginning with all possible sincerity of thanks.

And yet, through all Mr. Lunn's careful attempts to be fair and even courteous, it is not unjust to say that there runs a strange and perhaps subconscious irritation. It is perhaps most evident in my own case, with which I deal here, but I really do not think that he is merely or mainly irritated with me. What is much more extraordinary, I am not sure that he is merely or mainly irritated with Catholicism. The thing that really seems to irritate him, so far as I can make out, is any sympathy with Trades Unions or any of those social ideals that surround what is called Labour. In that connection his feelings break out with what I may without offence call a spitfire spontaneity which is a sure mark of sincerity. There are passages

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that seem to be parts rather of a defence of Capitalism than an attack on Catholicism. And it is only fair to say that he seems to dislike the Catholic Democrat chiefly for his democracy. Like other enthusiasms, this leads to errors, even to errors of fact. Even in generously granting to the medieval craftsman almost all I had ever claimed for him, he lets the bias break out again :

I do not deny that industry was in some ways more human in the Middle Ages than it is to-day. The craftsman had more scope for his personality in the days when machinery had not yet condemned most workers to the soulless repetition of mechanical movements. But it is a pity that Chesterton only points his contrast at the expense of the capitalist, for he might do worse than remind the modern Trades Unions of the contrast between the Guild ideal of good workmanship and the modern ideal of ca' canny.

It is also a pity that Mr. Lunn cannot apparently read what Chesterton did say in that *Short History of England* on which Mr. Lunn pronounces terrible judgements elsewhere. I quote the following from my own poor little book; and, though I say it who should not, it seems to me to state the fact in question quite as clearly as Mr. Lunn does, only that it also gives the intelligible reason for it :

That the most medieval of modern institutions, the Trades Unions, do not fight for the same ideal of æsthetic finish is true and certainly tragic; but to make it a matter of blame is wholly to misunderstand the tragedy. The Trades Unions are confederations of men without property, seeking to balance its absence by numbers and the necessary character of their labour. The Guilds were confederations of men with property, seeking to insure each man in the possession of that property.

Without a grasp of that last fact (that a populace quite without capital is abnormal) all capitalist criticisms of ca' canny or anything else, including Mr. Lunn's criticism, are not so much untrue as unreal. Ca' canny may be justifiable or no; but it is not an ideal, any more than a strike is an ideal. It is a defence against forces that tend to “lay on labouring millions a yoke little better than

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slavery.” Mr. Lunn will think this last a very Bolshevik sentiment.

Mr. Lunn gives examples intended to show that my logic is weak; and indeed I do not need any startling logical strength to show that it is he who is illogical. He complains of my saying that the sort of man who admires Italian art while despising Italian religion is a tourist and a cad; and apparently imagines that he poses me by bringing in the Pyramids and asking whether admiration for them demands the revival of the worship of Isis. It may surprise him to learn that I do not despise the worship of Isis, or any of his other examples, the Moslem culture or the Greece of Venizelos and the Balkan War, as I infer that he does, and as the supercilious tourist does certainly despise what he would call the superstitions of Italy. He also complains of my pointing out that the confidence of rival religions does not contradict the possibility of a true religion, any more than the confidence of rival tipsters contradicts the fact that one horse will really win. He disputes this by a curious argument to the effect that in the first case there are nineteen black balls, and in the other case a million black balls, to one white. From this I gather that Mr. Lunn knows exactly what numerical chances we all have of guessing the secret of the universe; and, if he is in possession of this information, I hope he will make it public. Personally I should have guessed the contrary; the more I think, the more the mob of sects and philosophies narrows down to a few alternative cosmic conceptions, much fewer than the horses entered for a race. But in either case, my argument is left quite unaffected. Whether there are twenty balls or twenty billion balls, it is none the less untrue to say that a man *cannot* get hold of the right ball because a great many excited and optimistic competitors think they can get hold of it. These are very trifling points; and yet Mr. Lunn seems to lose his temper about them in quite a curious way. He bursts out: “When Chesterton writes this kind of stuff, he knows perfectly well that he is talking nonsense.” I am very willing in one sense to accept the compliment. When I talk

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nonsense I do know perfectly well that I am talking nonsense; and I am happy to say that I have talked a great deal of nonsense. I also know when other people are talking nonsense. But it does not seem to me nonsense to say that a gentleman might refrain from insulting a peasant's altar while admiring his church, as he would refrain from insulting the peasant's wife while admiring her peasant costume. And it does not seem to me nonsense to say that even in a large raffle somebody may possibly win.

There is a long catalogue of cases of this kind, and in each case it would be very easy to refute the refutation. He tries to show, for instance, that there is something inconsistent in my having shown a sympathy with the heroic quality in the French Revolution and my having refused to agree with Trotsky and the Bolshevists. He seems quite puzzled; and is forced at last to lug in the dear old legend that I lie awake at night devising tortures for the Jews. Most people have learned to smile at that legend by this time, especially the Jews. But Mr. Lunn seems to remain pathetically loyal to it. It is not very difficult to solve his problem for him. Strange to say, even a revolutionist generally revolts in favour of something. More strangely still, it is generally in favour of something with which he happens to agree. Even Mr. Lunn will admit that I am not likely to raise a revolution on behalf of the Orangeman of Belfast, or to effect a *coup d'état* to establish a triumvirate of Trust Magnates. I am just as little willing to applaud a *coup d'état* which established the sort of Marxian Communism against which I have argued all my life. It was not primarily because the Marxians were Jews; though it is also quite consistent with my whole political creed to prefer that a Russian Revolution should be Russian. The French Revolution was emphatically French. It was national, and I have always defended nationalism; the other was avowedly cosmopolitan, and I have always attacked cosmopolitanism. But quite apart from that question, the mere economic facts would answer Mr. Lunn's question. The French Revolu-

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tion, with all its faults, insisted strongly on private property, fixed the peasant firmly on his own land and opened an era of legislation for the deliberate distribution of small property. In other words, it was emphatically not a Communist Revolution, as none have more clearly explained than the most intelligent Communists. It was directed, however imperfectly, along the lines of what we call Distributism. I think Mr. Lunn, if he reflects, will see that I have not “cooled in my enthusiasm” for all or any revolutions, because I never had it, nor in my sympathy with one revolution because I dislike a directly contrary counter-revolution. I have done my best to make myself clear; but if Mr. Lunn really cannot understand why a man may want people to fight to establish something and not want other people to fight to destroy it, I fear I have exhausted my powers of lucidity.

I think these examples will be sufficient to show that Mr. Lunn is not very fortunate as a hunter of fallacies; and more successful as a breeder of them. Anyhow, there are far too many of his own brood for me to hunt them one by one; and I will pass on to his criticisms which concern not logic but history. I may remark, to begin with, that it is sometimes possible to estimate a man's judgement of the past by his judgement of the present. And I hardly know how to deal with the innocence of a gentleman who really thinks it inconceivable that Lord Curzon and Mr. Asquith should come to a compromise about the House of Lords; who thinks there is something wildly Anti-Semite in the simple truth that Semites have been very prominent both in the Capitalist and the Communist excess (the two philosophies are in fact the same); who seems to suppose that the case against the Party System is the partisan spirit (when the whole point is not collusion but collusion); who, living in a world of successful trusts with scarcely one successful strike, can really persuade himself that “the tyranny of the millionaire is giving way to the tyranny of the Trades Union”; or who is so startlingly ignorant of the very existence of Conan Doyle and Mrs. Eddy and Sir Oliver Lodge, that he actually supposes that my remark

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about “supernatural things *alleged* to have happened in our time” must be a reference to things like wireless telegraphy! Thus, before I go on to discuss whether Mr. Lunn really knows what medieval guilds or medieval monasteries were like, I wish to inform him as courteously as possible that he has not the very vaguest idea of what the Parliament he lives under is like, of what the economic exchange he lives by is like, of what commercial forces are combining all around him or of what new religions are springing up under his nose. Thus equipped with information about the modern world, he sets forth to compare it with the medieval.

He derides me very much for dependence upon the authority of Mr. Belloc, and proceeds to attack it with all the authority of Mr. Coulton. I do not quite understand why such dependence is more disgraceful in me than in him; but in any case the particular matter of Mr. Coulton is one in which I shall, I fear, horrify the Protestant reverence for authority by indulging an independent judgement, and not merely a dependent one. Since reading Mr. Lunn's book, I have made the controversial acquaintance of Mr. Coulton—and been honoured with a criticism by that very learned man. I know him to be a very learned, a very able, a very sincere and a very scholarly fanatic. And I know that his methods of using his great scholarship, while morally, doubtless, not intentionally unscrupulous, are intellectually utterly untrustworthy. I have before me at the moment a simple quotation from St. Thomas Aquinas on the very subject that Mr. Lunn mentions, the subject of dancing, with Mr. Coulton's comment upon it. It is a small and compact case; and it is conclusive. Mr. Coulton began by saying that he could hardly find in all the medieval moralists even the most grudging permission to dance; it was murmured, so to speak, that there might be an exception about weddings. Father Lopez of Cambridge quoted a passage from the master of all medieval moralists, who practically made moral theology. St. Thomas Aquinas said, as plainly as words could say it, that dancing was *not* wrong; that it might be a positive virtue if it was done with

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the motive of refreshing ourselves to do our duty; that this relaxation or amusement was absolutely necessary to men; that dancing should be done (*not* merely at weddings) but “on joyful occasions, days of liberation, weddings and things of that kind”; and that the only limitations were that priests should not themselves dance, that the dance and song should be decent and should not be done with dissolute company. Mr. Coulton tried to wriggle out of this detailed testimony, to which he had himself appealed, in the most amazing manner in all my controversial experience. He said that St. Thomas must really have meant to repeat what Albertus Magnus had said somewhere else. In other words, his principle of criticism was that Aquinas must have meant what Albertus said. Then he quoted from Albertus to the effect that good songs were songs in praise of God. He did not venture on the obvious deduction that good dances were dances in praise of God—whatever they would be like. He simply assumed that when St. Thomas said men must have amusements like dancing, because they cannot always be serious, St. Thomas must have been copying slavishly (but incorrectly) from somebody else who said the opposite.

Since I read that remarkable piece of criticism, I have lost all apprehension about the authority of Mr. Coulton. I do not know half so much as he does; but I know much more. I do not know whether Albertus Magnus said what is attributed to him or not; but I know that what Aquinas says is the very first question that would occur to anybody making an impartial summary of medieval morals on any point. I know that St. Thomas was not one medieval writer, any more than Darwin was one Darwinian. I know that a trustworthy teacher would have said naturally at the beginning, “Aquinas does indeed allow dancing, but most of the other doctors are less indulgent.” This critic appeared in the remarkable character of a medieval historian who had forgotten all about St. Thomas Aquinas, or deliberately ignored him until actually confronted with him; when he produced the above explanation. I know that no man confronted with such a fact offers such an

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explanation from any motive but that of sheer, blind, rabid, incorrigible bigotry. I am not so learned as Mr. Coulton, or as Mr. Belloc, or as Cardinal Gasquet or a good many other people who could probably be quoted on the other side. But if I should find Mr. Belloc trying to twist a fair Socialist argument with the insane perversity involved in that passage about Albertus Magnus, I may possibly transfer my trust.

It is quite vain, therefore, for Mr. Lunn to throw broken bits of Mr. Coulton at me, when Mr. Coulton has thrown such very broken bits of medieval scholarship at him. The layman can only judge the learned man on such general grounds; but he has a right to judge him on such grounds. And I judge that all these details are parts of a purely partisan brief, showing far less historical sympathy with all sides of the quarrel than I have myself. I have every reason to suspect even the evidence I cannot check; and some of it, even as it stands, I can check. I see it is a sophistry, for instance, to suggest that the Church did not sympathize with the liberation of serfs because the actual act of liberation was always done by secular rulers. By whom else could it be done? Emancipation as a legal act would naturally be done by some sort of government; and to say it was done by secular rulers is merely to say that the rulers ruled. I can see it is a sophistry to quote one extract in which one monastery refers to serfs in the recognized legal fashion. We might as well quote the case of one plumber who had bought his villa in Camberwell and use it to prove that there was no Socialist movement among the artisans. I can see it is a sophistry to talk as if the moral ideals of secular rulers were some ideals other than those of the Church; and if anybody believes it, he at least knows less about the Middle Ages than I do. But I cannot cover all these points except by saying that we Catholics are so mutinous and intractable and independent that we only believe in an authority we have reason to trust, and entirely decline to believe in an authority we have every reason to distrust. The general charge or challenge of Mr. Lunn is, however, a much more

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interesting matter. It is all the more interesting because Mr. Lunn has very little notion of where the interest really lies. It lies in the fact that, historically speaking, the very challenge is a retraction and the very charge is a retreat.

There is something creepy in the way in which men are blind to these enormous and simple facts; especially about their own position. This particular point, about whether the Middle Ages were too Puritanical about things like the dance, is one of a series of some three or four things with which Mr. Lunn charges Catholicism. The first is this Puritanism; the second is a superstitious belief in Biblical inspiration; the third is the doctrine of damnation; and there are others of the sort. What is remarkable, what is astounding about all of them is simply this; that in each case the new Protestant charge is the precise opposite of the old or rather the very recent Protestant charge. In every single case we can call the most famous witnesses against us as witnesses in our favour.

These people cannot see this because they can never see anything so colossal as common sense. When, in their thirst for authority, they say, “Who said the Middle Ages were any merrier than the Puritans?” the answer is “The Puritans said so; it was the whole point of two centuries of protest against the laxity and immorality of the Papists. Go and tell Praise God Barebones that the Papists were not more given over to godless merriment than he was!”

We think we are less prone than Protestants to a materialistic Bible-worship. If he wants to know why we think so, the answer is because the Protestants think so, and for three hundred mortal years have systematically thought so and said so. It was they who accused us of not believing in the Bible, and now they suddenly begin to accuse us of believing in the Bible, because they have equally suddenly discovered that they do not believe in it themselves. We say that Catholics have gone much further than any other Christians in modifying the divine justice by the divine mercy; and the proof of it is in ten thousand insults that called our mercy maudlin and our compromise sentimental. It was they who insisted on

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nothing but the naked hell-fire, in the face of which our mountain of hope was visionary and our prayers for the dead were vain. They were the true champions of isolated and undiluted damnation. They said so, and they ought to know.

Suppose the Quakers two hundred years hence are heard accusing us and crying out, “How can you patiently endure that emasculate monkish ideal that forbids priests to fight, that bars from the sacred office any man of spirit whose honest impulse is to draw the sword against insult and injustice; are you deaf to the trumpets that call men to prove their manhood; are you dead to all that was meant by St. Michael and St. George?” If Quakers rebuked us thus, we might be mildly surprised; we might also be mildly amused. Suppose that the modern Moslems, the voices of the new generation in Islam, remonstrate in a reasonable fashion with us, murmuring softly, “Why all this morbid fear of pagan idolatry? Why all this unhistorical distrust of heathen gods? Why this meticulous distinction between a legitimate image and an illegitimate idol? Are not all idols legitimate? May not Mumbo Jumbo be indeed God? Can you look at the marble head of Jupiter and not feel he is indeed God?” If Moslem Modernism were on these lines we might well think it was more Modernist than Moslem. But we might also think it rather funny that they should rebuke us for neglecting what they themselves had only existed to destroy. Suppose the Christian Scientists, that wealthy and businesslike group, are found bustling about at some future time and saying to us in a curt and crisp fashion, “What’s all this nonsense about spiritual healing and musty old myths about a legendary place called Lourdes? What you all want is a doctor and a bottle of physic; and I hope in these days of enlightenment and liberty the physic will be forcibly poured down your throat.” We should admit that Christian Science had considerably evolved; we might admit that it had even become more scientific if not more Christian. But we should hesitate before admitting that it had evolved to an altitude from which it was entitled to

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look down on us; merely because we had always very moderately stated what they had first immoderately overstated and now yet more immoderately denied.

‘Yet these three cases of the Quaker denouncing us as peace-mongers, the Moslem denouncing us as iconoclasts, and the Christian Scientist denouncing us as quacks and psychic healers, are only a precise parallel to the Protestant mind of to-day remonstrating with us for making the Holy Scriptures too infallible or morals too rigid or the divine judgements too severe. Having been abused for four hundred years for trampling on the Bible, we are now to be abused for extravagantly exalting it. After having been pursued up to this very hour with every sort of vituperation and slander as people who hide the Bible, hate the Bible, bury the Bible, burn the Bible, a hasty order is issued and we are now to undergo this treatment as people who idolatrize the Bible. The slander and vituperation can still go on; there is really no need for any momentary cessation of hostilities; all that world can go on doing as it is accustomed to do. It is only the reason for doing it at all that has been rapidly readjusted and reversed.’

Now I have no intention of entering here on a technical theological analysis of the doctrine about the inspiration of Scripture or about the danger of spiritual death. A Catholic layman, who is not an expert theologian, is always averse from attempting these technical definitions; not, as many probably still believe, because he is afraid of being burnt or even excommunicated, but rather for the very opposite reason. He is afraid of disturbing, not so much Catholic authority as Catholic liberty. The definitions of the theologians are often drawn with exquisite exactitude and even delicacy, so as to allow as much as possible to every true element or to every side of the truth. I put in a word upon this point because I do not think it is very generally understood. In nothing does the Faith differ from the fads of the modern world more markedly than in this; that while it calls for a great deal of self-control in all sorts of people for all sorts of reasons, there are really very few things which it absolutely forbids, as intrinsically and

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invariably evil; as having no higher form and no possible utility. (Diabolism, the deformities of erotic perversion, the mere malice that delights in hurting others as such, the real blasphemy that is cold contempt of God, these are almost the only things I can think of. Love is lawful in marriage; wine is lawful in moderation; war is lawful in self-defence; gambling is lawful for those who can lawfully risk the money; and so on. That is exactly where Catholic morals do differ from the sweeping negations of the Pacifist or the Prohibitionist. The Catholic definition is carefully framed for freedom; to allow as much liberty and variety as is consistent with right reason. The same is true of the theological definition; ideas are seldom entirely excluded but rather reconciled. I mean that it seldom excludes any normal element considered as an aspect of truth suitable for contemplation. A Catholic who wants to think about omnipotence and the divine deluge of grace can think about it as much as a Calvinist; only the Calvinist cannot turn round and think about the liberty of the soul and the Catholic can. Now if authority forbade us to be grateful to God, or forbade us to rejoice in the freedom of man, it might in either case be harder to obey. If the Church denied all dependence on God as Tolstoy denied all dependence on patriotism, or if the Pope negated every form of will as the Prohibitionist does every form of wine, then authority might be asking much more from us. But what authority asks us to accept is nine times out of ten not a negation but a combination. It is a combination of truths made with extraordinary care by people who know far more than I do about such truths, who know truths to be included which I should leave out without even knowing it. I might have a difficulty in believing that any essential element such as grace or will or mercy or judgement or inspiration or liberty should be excluded. I have not the smallest difficulty in believing that the authorities know better than I how they can best be included. I know what things are valuable to me and they are permitted to me; but the balancing of these good things against a thousand other good things that I have never

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thought of, meant for millions of other people I shall never know, is an enormous business, with something dizzy about it, like the balancing of a mountain upon its peak. I believe it is a divine business; and I do not see how it could be done except as a divine business. But even considering it as a human business, I have not the smallest reluctance in leaving it to those whose business it is. Those diplomatists in the world of ideas can make alliances between one idea and another, on the only terms on which their peace can logically endure. I am not going to be the next ignorant provincial to provoke a breach of the peace; and if Protestants are waiting for any “Roman Converts” to do it, they will wait a long time. We will not lose our liberty so easily. We will not be stampeded into new sects and new negations and new vetoes, and find ourselves a hundred years hence forbidden to wear hats or live in houses, because some noisy egotist had not brains enough to understand a sentence of St. Thomas Aquinas. The sentence, when understood, is generally a reconciliation. It is said that an outsider is a fool if he interferes with a quarrel; he is ten times more a fool who interferes with a reconciliation.

This is a digression; but though it is not meant as an immediate answer to the question about inspiration and the rest, it is not altogether irrelevant to the general question running through the book called *Roman Converts*. Anyhow, it is for these reasons that I must decline to redefine the definitions about these theological points, exactly as I should decline to amend a formula of the Astronomer Royal or to alter a few unimportant figures in one of the ledgers of the Bank of England. I am much more sure in the case of Catholic theologians than I am in the case of astronomers or financiers that these people know what they are doing and that they are essentially doing what I want done. Just as men used to believe in a harmony of the stars I believe in a harmony of the spirits; but I do not even know how many spirits there are, any more than I know how many stars there are. And just as the banker has to balance his books, so the theologian has to balance his doc-

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trines. There is something pleasant and fanciful about the image of a banker balancing ledgers on his finger or nose as a juggler balances balls; and if we adopted the same figure we must conceive the theologian as a juggler balancing worlds—*le jongleur de Dieu*. But the point is that the books will lose their balance, whether they are financial or theological books, if somebody plays about with the records in one place without even knowing what corresponds to it in some other place. St. Thomas Aquinas was pre-eminently a man whose books balanced; but the accountant has to go through them very thoroughly to audit them correctly. I am not going to help anybody to cook the accounts. The most precise definitions that Mr. Lunn may cite are subject to all sorts of modifications that Mr. Lunn does not know, and to many that I do not know. But I have just mentioned St. Thomas Aquinas; and I recall a sentence about Moses speaking to a rude people which would probably modify Mr. Lunn's interpretation of the definition he quotes. For the reasons I have stated, I am not going to re-interpret those definitions. But there is one general truth in the case of the question of Scripture and its interpretation which it may be well to point out. Every Catholic statement about the authority of Scripture differs from every Protestant statement about it in one very vital and determining respect. However absolute the statement may sound, it is not complete; there is at least one other idea implied or stated elsewhere, without which it is incomplete.

The true Protestant, for whom the Bible was sufficient, necessarily conceived it as quite complete; he thought it was workable, or even possible, simply to believe “what the Bible says.” Now, the Bible does not say anything. A man may be said to say something in that sense; because he can say it in various ways in answer to various questions; because, if we do not understand what he means, we can ask him. He can not only speak but talk. But a book cannot talk. You cannot say to a black bound volume lying on the table, “I did not quite catch the point of what you said about giving tribute to Cæsar,” or, “Do

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tell me a little more about the Unjust Steward.” A man for whom that book is the sole authority must somehow treat its statements as intrinsically intelligible; as, by taking them all equally literally, or in some other way. The Catholic believes at once much less and much more than this; indeed by believing much more he is ultimately required to believe much less, in the superstitious sense of believing. It is not the only case in which he begins with faith and goes on to freedom.

The Catholic believes that all that the Bible *means* is true; and that the Church is the interpreter of what the Bible means. That is quite a different thing; that is quite intelligible and workable; and to that I most heartily and joyfully assent. For that means that the authority I serve is a living thing, a being whose meaning and mind and voice and nature I know; not a sort of *sors virgiliana* taken from a dead book in the bookshelf; a random selection of words which I have to take literally or take fancifully or find myself unable to take at all. A mind I trust, alive in the modern world, will decide which of those sayings means this or that, what is symbol, what is irony, what is naked narrative with or without a moral, or what the moral may be. I know the moral will not be immoral. I know that Catholic confessors will not tell Catholic soldiers that certain passages about Amalekites *mean* that all Christian conquerors are morally bound to massacre their prisoners; yet that was what the Presbyterian pastors insisted on after the defeat of Montrose, as being the plain words of Scripture. I know the Pope will not suddenly announce that the story of Abraham *means* that all Christians are called upon to practise polygamy; but that is what the Christian body commonly called the Mormons accepted simply as what the Bible said. Hence every Protestant, every man writing in a Protestant tradition or atmosphere, has an association or implication about Biblical inspiration different from ours; he reads something into the very words which they do not mean for us, and misses what they do mean for us. His mind is full of the echoes of terrible oracles too directly challenged, talking in unknown tongues

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without an interpreter. His mind is full of the effects on men who have found in the desert the fragments of an archaic inscription; which, when spelt out letter by letter, seemed to be terrible and to turn the world upside down, as it did for the Anabaptists or the Mormons. That is what they mean by being afraid of literal inspiration. That is what, in their new reaction, they mean by being afraid of the Bible; exactly as they always accused us of being afraid of the Bible. But that is not what we mean by believing in the Bible. We are not reading an inscription on a tomb but picking up hints in the house of a friend. We are not reading anything, in that sense. Our guide is a guide and not a guide-book.

Now I think it would be easy to show that the same is true of the other point about perdition, and that men so very Protestant in atmosphere and spirit as Mr. Lunn are really reading into our doctrine an alien Calvinistic notion; are not thinking of the possibility of a man choosing eternal evil, but of some sort of Sultan arbitrarily attaching the consequences of evil to good. But I have already given my reasons for not treating the technical points; and I have hardly enough space for two more notes I should like to make on the criticism which I criticize. One concerns the ethical side of the economic problem; the other the general view of the Christian faith taken by its foes, of which I said something in a book called *Orthodoxy*, on which Mr. Lunn comments. I do not mean that in either case I have space to deal with the multitude of fallacies that rise flapping about me like a flock of wild geese wherever I move in the matter; but in one or two cases I may warn Mr. Lunn away from a wild-geese chase.

In the matter of medieval and modern economics, I have a difficulty which I can only express by saying that Mr. Lunn does not seem to have heard the news. I admit it is seldom possible to learn the news from the newspapers. But I should have thought that people as clever and well informed as Mr. Lunn had learned by this time to read between the lines of the newspapers. Anybody reading between the lines, or indeed anybody looking out of the

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window, ought to have realized that industrial capitalism has completely collapsed before our very eyes. When Mr. Lunn discourses on how it has provided the workers with this or that, I feel (with all respect) as if I were listening to some old Prussian drill-sergeant, who has never quite recovered from a knock on the head at the Marne, and who is still explaining in a perpetual and pathetic monologue that the armies of the Kaiser are always victorious because of their superior discipline and their sublime will to power. Capitalist industrialism, the modern economic organization, has already been completely disorganized; it is in rout. It has suffered defeat, admitted defeat and signed articles of surrender, including an indemnity. That act of surrender is called the Dole, which is a complete confession that Capitalism cannot feed its own employees on its own principle, but has to borrow the principle, or a scrap of the principle, of a sort of sentimental and inconclusive Socialism. At least, it must either be regarded as a feeble form of the State salary promised by Socialism, or else it must sink in Mr. Lunn's estimation to the despicable level of the Dark Ages, and assume the humble and even abject form of Catholic almsgiving and Christian charity. Whatever it is, it is not the condition of industrialism providing the workers with luxuries. It is the confession that industrialism cannot provide the workers with livelihood or life. It is the confession that men must be kept alive by medieval largesse, because they would certainly die by modern business methods. As far as economic principles go, we have simply called in St. Francis of Assisi as a practical person to feed them, because Bentham and Mill and Cobden and the rest were theoretical people who could only starve them. If it be answered that the final catastrophe was due to the War and not the system, it remains true that the system was such that such a catastrophe was final. Incidentally it is incorrect, for capitalism is a series of catastrophes; it implies a margin of unemployed which varies only in degree. But in any case, the answer is obviously useless. If capitalism will not work in war, it will not work in practice; in the practical crises which come to historic states. If indus-

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trialism cannot survive war, it cannot survive what simpler societies do survive.

And that is the point also in another connection. Mr. Lunn says that the Guild was suited to a smaller and more contained society; or, as I should prefer to put it, that a smaller society was suited to the Guild. Now, as I have pointed out elsewhere, the difference between the Guild and modern industrialism was not a difference of detail but of design. It cannot be altered by any disputes about how far this or that group of guildsmen in this or that respect managed to fulfil their ideal. I am not accusing modern industrialism of failing to fulfil that ideal. I say that it never had that ideal; I say it did have the diametrically contrary ideal, if systematic selfishness and the sanctification of avarice can be called an ideal. The men who founded modern industrialism, both in theory and practice, did not pretend to any other. They did not profess to aim at a Just Price; they professed to buy things for less than their worth and sell them for more than their worth. They did not profess to bind men into brotherhoods in which each should limit himself for the good of all. They professed that each must follow his own self-interest ruthlessly; and only on the assumption that everybody was equally selfish did they even hold out some strange academic hope that it might be for the good of all. They did not profess to set a standard of honest work or of decent wages; at the best they said these things would eventually come out of ruthless competition. They did not come; and that was the first defeat in the long disaster of the industrial experiment. And as in the final disaster that produced the Dole, at each of these stages the modern system has only been saved by surrender. As a steamer going on the rocks might reverse its engines, it has only been possible to save its existence by reversing its principles. Tories saved it from torturing children by an interference of the State which Cobden and the rest regarded as the arbitrary act of a medieval king. Trades Unions saved it from beating down wages to famine-point, and destroying its own home-market, by a combination which Cobden and the rest (along

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with nearly all educated people) regarded as a blind and barbarous conspiracy against economic law. So it was, in their sense; for it was the Guild stirring in the grave.

Anyhow, in Mr. Lunn's opinion small and narrow societies are alone suited to the ideal of the Guild; and presumably he means that our own larger societies must have the other ideal or no ideal. Small and narrow societies are suited to the idea of a fair price, to the idea of fair wages, to the idea of fellowship and self-sacrifice for the sake of fellowship. Small and narrow societies, however, have not so many facilities for creating a chaos of swindling prices, a riot of profiteers, a tyranny of trusts, a wilderness of slums, a fantastic fortune in millions for any blackguard who may have chosen to begin as a blackleg. Small and narrow communities are not suited for these large experiments. Does it not occur to Mr. Lunn that, in this case, there may perhaps be something to be said for small and narrow communities?

And if Mr. Lunn happened to be aware of what is going on in the world, he would see for himself that his compliment to ruder and simpler societies is well deserved. At this moment all the European peasantries, especially the Catholic peasantries, are really in a commanding position because they deal with realities, while all the industrialists are left to eat machinery and all the financiers to feed on paper. That is the end of the great modern materialistic civilization, which men like Mr. Lunn worship for its success.

The other point remaining can only be noted here in a very few words. Mr. Lunn professes to answer my argument about the contrary charges against the Catholic Church by an argument which amounts to saying that there is no such Church. Whatever other argument is true, that is false; and his own book is the first witness to its falsehood. He implies that all the voices that have called the Church black and white, tall and short, loose and strict, large and small, may after all be right; presumably because the Church was only a chaos of casual eccentrics including all these things. In the historical cases involved,

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the argument is certainly quite unsound. Of course there might be anywhere a man as meek as Edward the Confessor or as fierce as the first Simon de Montfort; but our critics certainly do not merely criticize somebody called Simon for being fierce or somebody called Edward for being meek. They do definitely say that it was the spirit of the Church that produced such frightful fierceness and such abject meekness. In other words, they know that Catholicism is one thing, if Mr. Lunn does not; only it is a thing that they cannot rationally explain or even make head or tail of. In one place Mr. Lunn deals with such differentiation by the weary old Victorian business about racial destiny and how Hindus cannot help being Hindus. That is an argument that paralyzes the brain itself; since I have only to say that I cannot help being Catholic and Mr. Lunn cannot help hating Catholicism. But men always tend at last to that miserable mental slavery, except where the Faith has come to free the human mind.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

II

Mr. Arnold Lunn in his *Roman Converts* candidly allows that he does not know where he is in the Roman problem to which he has devoted a series of studies on the most remarkable Englishmen who, during the last century, have at least discovered where they stood, and stated the why and wherefore. Mr. Lunn is definitely puzzled. “For the convert has much to lose and little to gain by joining an alien Church, and so it is not surprising to find that Bishop Blougram’s apology is very different from Newman’s *Apologia*, and that the Bishop’s voyage in search of faith crosses seas uncharted in Knox’s *Spiritual Aeneid*.” Mr. Lunn feels that leisure may be well spent in attempting to understand the Catholic mind and the fascination which lies at the back of the Catholic religion. He would do well to realize that Catholicism is for most a condition of mind which, once

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attained, produces all those phases and facets of Catholicism more often mistaken for the stepping stones of approach. It is less true to say that there are a hundred and one reasons for Catholicism than that the Catholic state of mind perceives a hundred and one reasons in aftermath. Converts, of course, are expected to give reasons, either as interviews in the Catholic press or as apologetic tomes to the Protestant public, but it is as impertinent to try and hold them down to reasons as to try to extract from a woman why she prefers one man to another or from an artist the reasons of his colour sense.

Mr. Lunn realizes—thanks apparently to a little alpine travel—that the Latin Church salved the remnant of Latin culture from the old-world wreck, and rises to a phrase which is not unpleasing—to wit, that “among the hills it is easy to believe that Apollo has made his submission to the Church.” We agree that Protestantism with all its simplicity “has forgotten how to interpret the elemental moods of man.” Mr. Lunn pertly prefers superstition to Socialism. So do we, but superstition is an undefined word. It seems to us sometimes to have a sinister and negative sense and not to be applicable to Catholic practices, except to some of those unauthorized little subterfuges that the faithful sometimes adopt towards St. Anthony of Padua, or on race-courses, or in other financial matters. Even so, it is extremely difficult to say where the superstitious and the theological meet and where imagination supersedes the logical element underlying any system as precise and jointed as the Roman code.

The problem Mr. Lunn has set out to solve is why men of great talent and good faith should deliberately adopt the Roman Catholic system of religious belief and disciplined living. The English convert is a problem peculiar to England. The mighty brethren, the Castor and Pollux of the Oxford Movement, Manning and Newman, the pillars of the Temple; two modern literary converts in Mr. Chesterton and Father Ronald Knox; and,

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oddly enough, the pathetic and broken figure of Father Tyrrell—these are taken as specimens to be examined to the tune of Newman incomprehensible, Manning incomprehensible, Father Knox incomprehensible, Mr. Chesterton incomprehensible, yet there is but one incomprehensible, the inconceivable reason that could have brought them all into the Catholic Church!

Mr. Lunn fails to find a reason because he does not care to admit one at heart. His definition of a Catholic is the very untheological definition he has adopted from a popular preacher, to wit, “not a man who wears pretty vestments and hates Dissenters, but a man who hates nobody and wears Christ,” which is all very well but would dissolve all Churches *et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*. Hate in the form of an *odium theologicum* is a very natural and human response to the impossibly awkward confusion in which we find Christendom. Either God planned a unity of the Church or foreordained disunity. In the latter case Mr. Lunn would be justified in the main inspiration of his book.

The section devoted to Father Knox is not a real attempt to enter into his intellect or religion, but a series of fire-crackers made out of the delicious material Father Knox's writings so readily yield, and exploded backwards by processes of Mr. Lunn's wit, which is not always in perfect taste. On the whole, theological hate is pleasanter than schoolboyish rudeness, and poor jokes are worse than either. We feel that Father Knox has not been treated with the depth and courtesy which his brilliant past and hard-won present deserve. “Knox was born out of due time. He missed his real vocation. Newman's assistant editor for the *Lives of the Saints*.” Had he been born in those days he is much more likely to have played the part of a Ward towards Newman, whether in or out of the Anglican Church. Mr. Lunn finds Father Knox a particularly elusive nut to crack, and, realizing that Father Knox's humour is the main strength of his personal appeal as much as is the well-advertised melancholy of a famous decanal character, he endeavours to peel off snippets of

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his works and pin them to the wall with a little jest or epigram of his own. Father Knox is accused of ignorance of Dissenters, Nonconformist discipline, Methodist machinery, and the like. He is urged to “re-read the conversation between Christ and an early Dissenter, the woman of Samaria.” We doubt if Methodist convention, much less the Nonconformist conscience, would have allowed the woman of Samaria much room in chapel or tabernacle. It is purely bad taste and really not near the facts to say that Father Knox “has always chosen his beliefs such as a lady chooses a new frock and has selected the belief to suit not the facts but his own religious complexion.” And his straightforward accounts of intellectual prowess in his youth are construed as “his customary contempt of the technique of the trumpet.” If subtle self-advertisement is a symptom of the technique we are glad that Father Knox shares a deficiency in its use with one or two minor prophets and the best autobiographers in literature.

All this is the dust and zest of a criticism which does not carry the writer or the reader much further, and should leave the criticized profoundly unmoved. It would make good filling for columns of the *Church Times*. More serious is the attack on Father Knox’s presentment of the Christ. “The ecclesiastical trappings hide and obscure the human Christ. Jesus, according to Ronald Knox, is a mere lay figure. He fulfils His rôle by founding the Roman Church and by bequeathing to Peter full powers of attorney. . . . But in all that Knox writes there is not one picture of Jesus the man. The Gospels are full of pictures. Knox’s sermons are full of party points. Knox’s Jesus never comes to life. You hear a great deal about His Mother, for Our Lady has become the patron of a party, whereas Christ was never a party leader.” The personal caricature may be dismissed, but ironical exaggeration sometimes is truer than it intends to be. Churches founded by good men like Wesley or Fox or Irving cannot conceive except as ironical jest that the Catholic Church should claim a personal foundation at

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the hands of a Christ whose supreme rôle was to give the human race a Church and His Deputy powers of Attorney. If texts mean anything (and the words of Christ were serious), it is impossible for the simple or honest not to accept the Petrine claim “Thou art Peter” as well as the unenigmatic promise that whatever the deputies of Christ bound or loosed would be bound or loosed elsewhere. And it is doubtful if in His own days Christ was regarded as anything but a very dangerous party leader. But those singular and straight sayings of His have often proved sufficient answer to Mr. Lunn’s whole thesis—Why do men become Catholics? On the whole, Mr. Lunn’s comments do not call for emphatic response. He is making a case against individuals rather than probing the general rule, if there is one, underlying the phenomena of Roman converts. His speculations are those of an emancipated Dissenter, who is as anxious to be fair as he is to show fellow-Dissenters what good points he can make by literary skill. We thought at one time that he was suffering from an Harrovian dislike of the Etonian Father Knox. We think that his comments show a certain literary jealousy that he is not the Nonconformist Ronnie Knox himself. But perhaps he is.

He certainly tries to bend the Knoxian bow when he writes, “There was no need for a Young Men’s Pagan Association in Greece, for every Greek would have been eligible for the Y.M.P.A.” And it must have taken a Dissenter a strong twist of the backbone to write:

Catholicism is certainly nearer the Greek ideal of religion. It is more matter of fact, less dependent on emotion, more a matter of routine and discipline than of ecstasy and sentiment. It provides the specialist with all he needs, monasteries for the experts in holiness, retreats for the intermittently devout; but it does not expect all men to live on this exalted plane. . . . Catholicism appeals not only to the moral, but to the æsthetic instincts of her disciples. Catholicism appeals to the artist because the artist is never a rationalist. He knows that the non-significant singing in a Catholic Cathedral is infinitely saner than the rationalism of hymns composed for the service of the Ethical Society. He knows

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that the attempt to rationalize religion always ends in failure, for the rationalists do not need religion, and those who need religion are not enslaved to reason.

Mr. Lunn seems to us fair enough and generally right in his comments why men are Catholics as a rule in France. “All our family are Catholics. We belong to the *ancien régime*.” Catholicism in France is the great bulkhead against the rebellious. In England it often attracts and channelizes the rebellious in youth, as perhaps demonstrated by Father Knox. In France the Church no doubt “commands the passionate allegiance of men who make no pretence of living a moral life in conformity with her moral standards,” but who uphold the Church as the only barrier to Socialism. In England, on the other hand, again and again men have become Catholics because it spelt for them “Christian Socialism.” Father Knox can look after himself; and we are neither refuting nor accepting on his behalf. But we feel that Mr. Lunn squares his conscience by taking away with one hand as fast as he gives with the other. In this way he proudly shows us that his intellect appreciates intellect, and at the same time that he can keep himself within the Dissenting rails. He appreciates Father Knox’s *Absolute and Abitofhell* as “the finest satirical poem which theological controversy has ever produced. The style of Dryden is caught to perfection; the epigrams are magnificent; the wit is unforced and brilliant.” But it is a little petty to say on the opposite page that Father Knox “lived an easy, pleasant life,” and never served in an East End curacy. Why should he? He won and influenced souls in gowns every whit as important as the young men whom Dolling and Stanton wrenched unto religion out of slumdom. He could not have appealed to a coster; whereas to a type, perhaps only found at Oxford, he alone could appeal of living clerics. And if he did live “an easy, pleasant life,” his writings thoroughly justify the “port and the barrow-loads of bananas” which seem to shock the righteous Mr. Lunn.

The chapter on Father Tyrrell naturally does not lead to much foilwork. Father Tyrrell wrote a book for the

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purpose of depreciating himself; and, by his final actions, did his best to lose the sympathy of Catholics as well as of the Protestants whom his long and beautiful Catholic propaganda must have alienated in the past. Mr. Lunn is accurate when he says: “The English Jesuits were certainly prepared to make every reasonable concession to save their brilliant recruit. He was treated throughout with consideration, and had no real cause for complaint.” Mr. Lunn does not explain why Tyrrell became a Roman convert, which is the theme of his book, but he writes fascinatingly of a fascinating figure. “Tyrrell was a conscript in the service of the unknown God. God always evaded Tyrrell. He refused to reveal Himself, but the chain never snapped. Though God escaped him, God refused to let him go. He could take refuge neither in faith nor in scepticism. . . . He was haunted by the infinite and vexed by his fruitless unending search.” The truth, somewhat hidden from the commentators, was that Tyrrell was perfectly satisfied in the Society which gave him home, peace, fame, and a sounding board; but that he came to suffer from a disease, which made it impossible for him to be anything but cantankerous and miserable. He was vexed by pancreas rather than pantheism, and his case was pathological rather than pathetic. His Autobiography was written under this unhappy haze and coloured by the immediate misery of his intestines. It was by realizing the state of affairs that the Society and the ecclesiastical superiors in England, to the surprise of Rome, dealt so long and leniently with one whose pen had illumined the teaching of the Church with books of almost unequalled understanding and beauty. The dividing lines between Tyrrell and Loisy are neatly drawn: “Loisy was essentially Radical, Tyrrell essentially Conservative. Loisy’s temperament was scientific, Tyrrell was mystical. Loisy was only interested in religious criticism, Tyrrell in religion.” And the conclusion is:

Tyrrell loved Catholicism in spite of Rome. His true self comes out, not in his controversial writings, but in his constructive appreciation of the Catholic mind and spirit. . . . The sadness

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which creeps into Tyrrell's works is due to his secret conviction that the Modernists' attempt to retain the formulæ of religion, after robbing these formulæ of their old meaning and their old significance, is doomed to failure.

In his criticism of the two great Cardinals, Mr. Lunn is fairer to Manning than to Newman, for an historical figure is easier to see justly than a leader of controversial thought. He realizes that Purcell's attack could not tarnish Manning in the long run :

There was enough evidence in Purcell's life to justify a verdict for the defence. . . . It was Lytton Strachey, not Purcell, who made the worst of the evidence. The result is very readable fiction founded on fact. Mr. Strachey is a novelist who has chosen to write history. He is a master of the art of characterization. The real Manning is rapidly being forgotten, but Strachey's Manning will probably live as long as other great characters in immortal fiction. We need not grudge this great artist his humorous claim that he writes dispassionately and impartially. Indeed, the claim might almost pass if Mr. Strachey avoided religion; but where his theme demands some sympathy with religious temperaments, his impartiality is the genial disdain of an anthropologist studying fetish worship.

Mr. Lunn does something to save the real Manning from being overshadowed by Strachey's portentous adventurer, and sees that “a stronger case can be established for painting Manning as a great Churchman inspired only by a passionate devotion to the Cause. Manning was certainly a born supernaturalist; the unseen was the great reality of his life, but he was also ambitious; he loved power and honour, and he was perhaps not over-nice in his controversial tactics.” All of which is subject to slight modifications. Manning was ambitious for the things of God. He loved power for good and the honour of the Church. Niceness, we may observe, is weakness in any vital controversy. Mr. Lunn is not right in believing that “a good Roman Catholic dislikes to be reminded that a Cardinal has ever lived in open matrimony”; for Cardinal Weld's descendants are very proud of the fact, and recently a newly-proclaimed Spanish Cardinal made no

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secret of the truth that his early life has been spent in sacramental marriage. In his cheery way, Mr. Lunn realizes the attraction the Roman power had upon a mind like Manning's:

The little finger of Rome is thicker than the loins of the Privy Council. A Vicar can defy the Privy Council, his Bishop and the Thirty-nine Articles, and it is extremely difficult and costly to unseat him; but if a Roman Archbishop disregards the wishes of Rome, he is blandly and suavely removed without costing Rome a penny. Manning went over not because he scented a Cardinal's hat, not because Rome offers more independence, but for the curious and perhaps sufficient reason that he believed his soul to be imperilled so long as he remained outside the one Church.

To quote another instance of discernment :

The world would probably be much more peaceful if it were ruled exclusively by the Pope. The League of Nations would disappear with the armies and the navies which would no longer be needed if the Pope was the Universal Arbiter. A few picturesque Swiss Guards would suffice. Income tax would be reduced to a few Peter's Pence in the pound.

Possibly and probably, but it shows almost abysmal lack of logic and knowledge to add that the Papal Infallibility might be applied in a happier world to the discernment between schools of art or letters. But we will say that Mr. Lunn has summed up all that has been said for and against Cardinal Manning, and his view is the fairest that can be expected from the Protestant Englishman. For the general public let it remain the last word. A Catholic's defence or praise is always suspect. Let English common sense realize that "advancement came to him, not because he sought it, but because the Pope disregarded all precedents, canonical and otherwise, and chose the best man available."

The opening chapter on Newman is chiefly an attorney's case to prove that Newman was the father of Modernism, and that his Roman career was one succession of failures. These are two pet and noxious themes that Protestant writers are not ever likely to lose sight of. The practice of picking texts here and there out of a voluminous author

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(which Mr. Lunn, like Mr. Strachey, can do to perfection) may prove anything to the writer's temporary satisfaction; but it does not convince the reader. Huxley said, in illustration of the ease with which this could be done, that he could arrange an Agnostic catechism in extracts of Newman's writings. There are not many quotable passages from Mr. Lunn's essay, but the following will suffice:

Newman never wrote for the sake of writing. He wrote for the sake of his message. No man with his genius has ever been more indifferent than was Newman to his literary reputation. He wrote certain things because he believed that the true view of certain matters was of supreme importance to the world in general or to his readers in particular. . . . The matter was everything, the manner incidental.

In his prologue, Mr. Lunn does not really succeed in stating the converse or controversial problem any more than his essays succeed in analyzing why certain great English intelligences and Anglican personalities became Roman converts. And we do not feel called upon to help him. Most Catholic readers will be irritated by his book, and perhaps the living subjects of his pen the most of all. But it represents a valiant effort to be intelligent and understanding and rather smart, and it will afford an amusing foil to those who still care to split the remaining hairs of the somewhat bald Oxford Movement. Religious conversion will always remain an interesting arena in England owing to the controversial division of intellect and letters between the Churches. In purely Protestant countries religious interests stagnate where there is no Roman rapier to pierce the gloom and call converts out of the self-satisfied Churches of the Reform while incidentally throwing them upon their own mettle. In purely Catholic countries the struggle is not between Protestantism and Catholicism, but between the Church and scepticism. Mr. Lunn has drawn the irregular lines of a *franc-tireur* between the contending hosts, and has made himself liable both to the secret joys and public punishment which a *franc-tireur* deserves.

SHANE LESLIE.

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III*

Since the days of Newman close on a thousand clergymen of the Church of England have made their submission to the Catholic Church, as have many clergy of the other Protestant denominations: Baptists, Congregationalists, Wesleyans, Scotch Presbyterians, and even Unitarians. St. Peter, we read, on one occasion caught a fish with a stater in its mouth. The “fish” caught to-day by the successor of St. Peter are not usually—if they come from the ranks of the Protestant Ministry—in such a flourishing financial position. These converts, who in earlier days were described by the secular Press as “Mr. Newman’s Victims,” find themselves, for the most part, from a material point of view, in a position from which anyone might, without incurring undue blame, pray to be preserved. A tobacconist’s assistant with an inadequate salary, living with his wife and family in drab rooms, is hardly in as comfortable a position as when he inhabited a commodious vicarage and was the leading person in the parish; while his wife’s lot is generally an even harder one. The heroic degree of virtue which is demanded of married (in particular) clergy, who are convinced of the obligation of submitting to the Catholic Church, is a thing which only needs to be understood to make its own strong appeal.

In *The Tablet* of June 6, 1846, there is a letter from Dr. Doyle, a priest at St. George’s, Southwark, at that time not a Cathedral, to “My dear Lucas”—the great Frederick Lucas, the founder and editor of *The Tablet*—about the conspicuous converts of those days, whom, he calls “heroic soldiers of Christ,” and “Confessors for the Faith.” Dr. Doyle says: “Justice demands of the members of the Church that they look to their suffering fellow-members; and mercy

* A practical Postscript may well supplement any more or less speculative versions or conversions—a reminder of the existence and claims of The Converts’ Aid Society, charged with the instant needs of men who have to hunger and thirst after righteousness in an all too literal fashion. With his accustomed courtesy, the Secretary of the Society has met the request for a few informative words about its procedure and scope.—ED.

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cries out shame on us if we forget the sacrifices these men have made for the Faith once delivered to the saints . . . Let those converts not be forgotten who are now struggling in the world, some of them with large families, buffeted to and fro by every adverse wind, the coldest of which and the most trying is pinching poverty. Let them and their case be remembered. Can nothing be done for those who have relinquished their livings in the Anglican Establishment and thrown themselves almost penniless upon the world? . . . Is nothing to be provided for those whose clasping of the Faith has cut them out from all their holdings, and sent them adrift on the world more merciless than a raging sea? Shall no door be opened for those against whom every door is now shut, no new prospect opened over those on whom every prospect has closed? Can nothing be done for them? Is it not a paramount duty to look to them?”

Fifty years after this letter appeared, Leo XIII wrote to Cardinal Vaughan who, in obedience to the letter, established the Converts' Aid Society. The date is interesting; two years previously, in 1894, certain leaders of the High Anglican party pressed upon some French Catholics with whom they were discussing the question of “corporate reunion” the “unfairness”—as it appeared to them—of “re-ordaining” convert clergymen who had a vocation to the priesthood of the Catholic Church. This of course raised the whole question of the validity of Anglican orders, and the Pope, anxious “to help men of goodwill by showing them the greatest consideration and charity,” determined to have the whole matter thoroughly re-investigated. He summoned to Rome eight learned divines, four of whom were disposed to recognize and the others to reject the orders of Anglican ministers. The result of this investigation was that it was unanimously decided that Anglican orders were certainly invalid, and towards the end of 1896 the Bull “*Apostolica Cura*” was published, which declared that “ordinations carried out according to the Anglican rite have been and are absolutely null and void,” and later in the year His Holiness made it quite clear in

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his letter to Cardinal Richard that “his intention had been to pass a final judgement and settle the question for ever.”

The project which the Holy Father recommended to the zeal of the Cardinal and his brethren in the Episcopate, and through them to the generous charity of others, nearly thirty years ago, was none other than the help of converted Anglican ministers who, in prompt obedience to the call of Divine Grace, have made their submission to the Catholic Church. The delicate nature of the work makes the ordinary methods of appeal for assistance an impossibility. But, in passing, one might note that the Society lately drew attention to the inadequate support given to it; and, a few months later, to the announcement that some six hundred new subscribers had been enrolled in a few months. The Society's work is not confined to converts from Anglicanism but from all the other non-Catholic denominations, nor is its work limited to the giving of grants. One of the greatest difficulties, as may be imagined, is the finding of employment. Bereft of their ordinary occupation, generally middle-aged, the “fish” caught by the great Fisherman find themselves, for the most part, fish out of water. They have no business training, and in consequence business men, with the best will in the world to help, must be excused if they look elsewhere. Literary or journalistic work naturally suggests itself, but, apart from the fact that the market is overcrowded, not every minister of religion is gifted in this direction. And it is a common fallacy that any University graduate can at least become a schoolmaster.

And yet, in spite of these difficulties, it is becoming more and more clear that thinking men who have the courage to face the question are in increasing numbers asking themselves if Protestantism in its various forms, bereft of any definite mind on fundamental points of Christian faith and practice, can claim to represent the true Church of Jesus Christ. Men are beginning more and more to realize that there can only be one Church, that the Church cannot be divided, that it must be visibly one in order that it may be certainly recognized. The history of the Eng-

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lish Martyrs is bringing home to men the impossibility of the old cry of “continuity”—so popular on “Church Defence” platforms—and the need to find the “Teacher come from God.” The receiving of the gift of Faith, and the acting upon it regardless of consequences, places such men themselves in close kinship with the martyrs of penal times. God does not promise us an easy time. It is, however, He who has said “*qui vult venire*”—and converts must expect not only the flaming love of the Sacred Heart but also the Crown of Thorns and the Wounds.

One cannot end better than by quoting extracts from the Letter of Pope Leo XIII, to which reference has already been made :

Withdrawn, in many cases, from a position of ease or comfort [these convert clergymen] find themselves immediately after their conversion in a state most critical, and sometimes in absolute destitution, with no means of maintaining themselves, or of providing for the urgent needs of their families. By birth, by education, and by their habits of life, they are wholly unprepared for such enormous sacrifices, and when these privations are added to the cruel anguish of broken friendships and social isolation, it is hardly a matter for surprise if some find their courage fail them. Many, as we well know, have accepted every sacrifice to follow without delay the voice of conscience and to embrace the truth. These noble examples are known to you, dear son, and they deserve more praise than we can give. They have rightly remembered that, when the welfare of the soul is at stake, no consideration of a temporal nature must be yielded to, however painful it may be. God will one day give them the reward of a hundredfold which only He can give. Nevertheless, to do as they have done is an act almost of heroism, the thought of which may make others of less virtue hesitate, and delay the decisive step until it is too late.

To these quotations may well be added one from the Allocution of the present Holy Father at a recent Consistory :

An enormous number of men, eager for truth and charity, thirsting for unity and peace, look up to us and to the Apostolic See from their heresy and schism, like scattered sheep longing for the Fold of the Lord. We need hardly say how eagerly we

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desire to embrace them, and if they answer the invitation of the One Chief Pastor repeated through us, “Come to Me,” straightway shall we reply with a father’s words, “All that I have is thine.” And in this matter we shall feel the utmost gratitude to all Catholics who, impelled by Divine Grace, strive to make a way for their separated brethren to adopt the true Faith, dissipating prejudices, stating Catholic truth in all its integrity, and giving proof, above all, in themselves of that chief sign of true disciples of Jesus Christ, which is charity.

F. W. CHAMBERS.

JOHN LINGARD., D.D., F.R.S.

(1771—1851)

JOHN LINGARD was descended from a family that had settled in the little village of Claxby at the foot of the North Wolds of Lincolnshire. His father, John Lingard, followed the trade of a carpenter, and, according to a tradition preserved at Winchester, was a convert to the Catholic faith. His mother, Elizabeth Rennell, belonged to a Catholic family, her father being a yeoman farmer who had suffered much in the cause of religion. Tierney* made use in the Memoir of "Mrs. Lingard's Narrative"; Haile and Bonney state that this paper has disappeared, and remark that Tierney's extracts from it only serve to increase our regret for the loss of the remainder. I discovered the missing document a few years ago while sorting and cataloguing papers at Bishop's House, Southwark. It appears that Tierney, after Lingard's death, wrote to Fr. Collingridge of Winchester asking for information of the early life of Lingard, and of his parents. In reply he received the document which he calls "Mrs. Lingard's Narrative." In view of the interest it has created, I will give it in full:

Statement of Dame Goodman at the Lodge: The mother of the late Dr. Lingard was blind for some years and died August 5 1824 at the advanced age of 92. Previous to her death, the Rev. Thomas White placed her under our charge, by means of which in our conversation I had an opportunity of learning many little anecdotes relating to her family. I had always understood that

* Canon Tierney's two Memoirs have been superseded by the large volume *Life and Letters of John Lingard*, by Haile and Bonney, published in 1912. For this work the authors had full use of the Lingard papers preserved at Ushaw College. Additional information is found in certain magazines, especially the *Ushaw Magazine* and the *Ushaw Centenary Memorial*. By permission of the Bishop of Southwark, I am allowed to use the MS. material collected by Canon Tierney for a new edition of his Memoir.

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Mr. and Mrs. L. were Lancashire people but I am told it was Lincolnshire and that they were neighbours' children. She said that they used to go to hear Mass at night, in a cart, from one Catholic family to the other, the priest dress'd in a round Frock to resemble a poor man. Dr. Lingard's mother's name was Renolds: she told me that they were related to the late Dr. Reynolds, the late Dean of Winton, with whom Dr. Milner wrote and had nearly staggered his Faith: and not to be wondered at as she said his Family ought to be Catholic. Mrs. Lingard's Father was a small farmer and a good old Catholic with a large Family and suffered persecution for his faith: his house was searched and all his Books taken away and himself cast into prison and tried for his life. The Judge asked him what was his crime. He replyd that he knew not that he had ever done any injury to anyone. Then why are you brought here? My Lord, my only crime is that I am a Catholic. Stop, I do not wish you to condemn yourself, said the Judge. My Lord, he replied, my life you are welcome too, But my Faith no man shall take from me. He was asked if he had any Friends that could speak for him. He said, plenty my Lord but they dare not show their faces here for they are like myself Roman Catholics. He had scarcely done speaking when a Lady whom he knew not, had never seen before—nor after—rose up and gave him such a good character that it confused him and he always said that he believed it to be our B. Lady. He was heavily fined and given 2 years Imprisonment. Everything that he had was leased and the Family reduced to great distress. One Friend took one child and the other another and got them out. By that means Mrs. Lingard lived in London where by chance she met her future Husband Mr. Lingard coming out of Chapel, not knowing where he was, not having seen each other for many years, and he spoke to her and asked her if he might be allowed to come to see her: in time they were married and had a daughter Jane who died in 1771 aged 2 years, and the Doctor. Mrs. Lingard said that her Father was not allowed to have a horse worth more than £5 nor to take his corn more than 5 miles to Market: therefore was obliged to take what they pleased to offer for it at a great loss, not being permitted to take it elsewhere. All which helped to destroy the Family more than other ways. Dr. Lingard's mother told me she was accustomed when they were alone in the evenings to Instruct her son and hire books which she thought might be useful to him, particularly Historical ones which he seemed eager to peruse and inquire into: which she explained to him to the best of her power. It was no wonder that he became so great an Historian since he showed it even in the Days of his Childhood. It may be said that his Mother was his pre-

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ceptor. She said he was always docile and fond of learning. I remember while she was with us, some gentleman, hearing that she lived at Winchester, came out of his way as he said, on purpose to see her and congratulate her on having such a son. He said speaking of His History that their House had offered £1,000 for the part that was ready but he was afraid that they should not get it.

Mr. Rennell's troubles must have been connected with the temporary revival of the persecution of Catholics which followed the 1745 rebellion. The Lincoln Date Book shows that this county was much disturbed at the time, and that throughout the land Catholics were regarded with suspicion. The Winchester records tell us that Mass could no longer be said safely either in the presbytery or in the shed at the end of the garden. Dame Goodman's idea that the Lingards came from Lancashire was not, I think, so far amiss, for although the historian's forbears had been for some time settled at Claxby, the family, I believe, was of Lancashire origin. The Lingards of Cudworth, co. Warwick, trace their descent from Edmund, eldest son of John Lingard "who came out of Lancashire" in the sixteenth century, and had married Alicia, daughter of John Breech, of Breech Hall, co. Lancs. The second son, John, settled at Horncastle in Lincolnshire and not unlikely was the ancestor of the poorer branch at Claxby. An interest attaches to another branch, the Lingards, who were settled in the seventeenth century at Chapel Milton and Chapel-en-le-Frith in the Derbyshire Peak. They were among the first members of the Society of Friends and suffered constant fine and imprisonment for their religion. Were the Claxby Lingards connected with this family? I believe Lingard thought so, because in 1849 he wrote to Mr. Thomas Wise, a leading Quaker in London, asking for particulars of this family, and received from him a record of their persecution and also genealogical details up to the year 1694. This leads to a further suggestion—were the Claxby Lingards Quakers? Is this the reason why the Claxby parish registers contain only two entries of Lingards, a baptism in 1732 and a death in 1759? Did

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Lingard come on both sides from a family persecuted for its faith?

John Lingard, senr., the convert, was married in London to Elizabeth Rennell in 1767 or 1768, and not long after returned to Claxby, where he exercised his trade of a carpenter, as his father had done before him. Mr. Arthur Young of Osgodby sent Canon Tierney in 1855 a water-colour sketch of the little thatched cottage with its adjoining workshop, "still known," he says, "as Lingard's Place"—*place* being the local word for a shop. In the autumn of 1770 Mr. and Mrs. Lingard migrated to Winchester, and here on February 5, 1771, their only son John Lingard was born, and the next day baptized. The boy, as he grew up, proved to be endowed with unusual quickness of intellect; and exhibited a piety which clearly marked him out for the priesthood. He is described as a handsome, high-spirited lad, with a merry twinkle in his eye, and we know that he retained to old age his good looks and this gaiety and elasticity of spirit. His mother taught him the rudiments of education, and the Rev. James Nolan, then in charge of the mission at Winchester, attracted by his talents and piety, not only helped him in his studies, but in 1779 recommended him to Bishop Challoner for a burse at Douay College. The application was scarcely made when Mr. Nolan died of fever caught while attending to the French prisoners of war confined in the King's House, Winchester. In October, the Rev. John Milner succeeded Mr. Nolan, and renewed the application for the burse. The Gordon Riots of 1780 led to much confusion in the London Vicariate and hastened the death of Bishop Challoner. The burse for Lingard was granted by his successor, Bishop James Talbot. In the years to come, Bishop Milner showed an unaccountable hostility against Lingard the historian, and, although Lingard owed him nothing except his approval of Mr. Nolan's recommendation for the burse, Milner, with his usual exaggeration, claimed that to him young Lingard owed whatever knowledge he had acquired.

The Relief Act of 1778 had removed some of the dis-

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abilities under which Catholics suffered, but they had still to seek abroad the education of their priests; and a parent who sent his child abroad to be educated was liable to a fine of £100. Lingard was to be a connecting link between the old and the new order. He was to be among the last students at Douay in Flanders, one of the founders of the new Douay in England, and one of the first priests to be ordained in England since the Elizabethan persecution. He was to see Catholic Emancipation in England, but he was to die one of the old cautious priests who had known the days of persecution; strenuously opposing the substitution of a black coat for the brown one usually worn by priests; refusing to wear a Roman collar; deprecating as a novelty the introduction of the Asperges before Mass.

In the September of 1782 Lingard, a boy of eleven years old, set out for Douay, starting from Winchester at 4 a.m. by the eight-wheeled London coach. At London, he was placed in the charge of two Irish priests also bound for Douay. They sailed from Margate to Ostend, and on September 30, 1782, a day marked by Lingard with a white stone, he entered Douay College. What a new environment for the boy—he was among fellow-countrymen, but what a change in the exercise of religion as he had hitherto known it! At Winchester he and his fellow-Catholics had met secretly for "Prayers" (they did not dare to breathe the word Mass) in a narrow shed at the end of the Presbytery garden. Mr. Nolan, Mr. Milner, even Bishop Talbot who had confirmed him, had gone about dressed as laymen. Here at Douay all the students wore cassocks, and for the first time in his life he saw the glorious ceremonies of the Catholic liturgy carried out in their fulness.

Lingard's college career was brilliant; he passed through the course of Humanities with great distinction. He spent his spare time in historical studies; and at the end of Rhetoric, when not quite eighteen years old, undertook the task of reading in the original Greek and Latin all the writers on Roman history. On the completion of this task he took up Hebrew. In 1791 he entered the school

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of theology, and for a year taught the class of Grammar; but he was not destined to finish his theology at Douay. The Revolution was in full force in France, and the College had hitherto escaped its fury solely because the National Assembly was anxious not to give England any provocation. When England declared war on June 21, 1793, the danger to the College became acute. The parents of some of the students, sensing the danger, had already recalled their sons to England. On February 18 revolutionary officials, accompanied by a mob, invaded and took possession of the college. Three days later Lingard, with the Hon. Wm. Stourton and two students named Oliviera, evaded the guard, and escaped from the town, having to let themselves down from the walls by means of a rope. Those who remained in the college were imprisoned. The fugitives reached England in safety, Lingard accompanying young Stourton home, and at Lord Stourton's request remaining as tutor to the son. At Lord Stourton's house Lingard met the chief lay protagonists in the controversy which was agitating the Catholic body in the struggle for Emancipation: among others, Charles Butler, between whom and Lingard arose a warm and lasting friendship. On Butler's death in 1832, the executors returned to Lingard his letters to Butler, and Lingard destroyed all but five letters—a misfortune for posterity, for they would have told us much of the history of the time as viewed by two master-minds.

Early in the year 1794 some of the Douay students escaped from prison, found their way to England, and were lodged at Tudhoe, near Durham. Lingard, anxious to complete his own studies, resigned his engagement as tutor, went to Tudhoe, and was appointed Superior of the little community. In September, they moved to Pontop Hall, to move again in October to Crook Hall, which Bishop Gibson had rented for the purpose of a College until more suitable premises could be obtained. Crook Hall was anything but suitable—an unoccupied mansion in a bleak and cheerless spot about ten miles from Durham. The accommodation was scanty: there was hardly any furni-

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ture, even a dearth of books and the necessities for study. Food-supplies at times ran short and necessitated a foraging expedition. Life at Crook Hall was hard, but endured cheerfully. The ex-Douay students now numbered sixteen, and one of them wrote to a friend: "After escaping from Egyptian slavery we arrived safe at the land of Promise. At the same time I wish I could say that it flowed with milk and honey." The Bishop appointed as president Mr. Eyre, a former professor at Douay. Lingard acted as unofficial vice-president (there being a doubt whether the appointment was vested in bishop or president), prefect of studies, professor of rhetoric and poetry, and procurator—a combination, I should think, only surpassed by the survivor of the *Nancy* brig. Those who know the incessant clatter of the seminary bell will be surprised that Crook Hall did not possess such a commodity. Mr. Gillow, in his reminiscences, says that at 6 a.m., the time for rising, the President put his head out of his room and shouted "Sally!"—this aroused the domestic and the students. At Douay the ceremonies of the Church had been carefully carried out; here it was a hard struggle to keep the rubrics. High Mass and Vespers were celebrated regularly, but the chapel was very small, and at one time there was only one cassock in the house. At Mass the alb concealed all shortcomings underneath; but at Vespers, cotta, tail-coat, knee-breeches and grey stockings must have been a moving spectacle. Lingard rapidly completed his theological studies, was ordained deacon at the end of 1794, and priest at York in April, 1795. He now undertook the office of vice-president, prefect of studies, and professor of natural and moral theology. Many of those who studied under him have given testimony to his wonderful facility in imparting knowledge. In 1804, the college nearly lost his services. Bishop Gibson was engaged in building the new college at Ushaw and, wishing to cut down expenses, proposed that Lingard should return to the London district to which he really belonged. However, Dr. Eyre objected strongly, and he remained.

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Lingard made his first appearance as an author in 1805 when he contributed to the *Newcastle Courant* a series of letters afterwards collected and published under the title "Catholic Loyalty Vindicated." It was the custom at Crook Hall in the winter evenings for the students to gather round the fire when one of them or a professor would read a paper on some subject of interest. Lingard's historical sense was aroused by the proximity of Jarrow and Wearmouth, with their memories of the Venerable Bede, and with Lindisfarne and Hexham eloquent of the past; and he embodied his thoughts in a series of papers he read to the students. They aroused keen interest, and he was urged to publish them in a connected history. After much persuasion he consented; and this is how we came to possess his first great work, *The Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church*. It was published at Newcastle in 2 vols., 1806. The first volume was in print when Lingard saw the later volumes of Sharon Turner's work on the same subject. Turner had discovered new material; in consequence, Lingard determined to rewrite his second volume, and did so without stopping the press for a single day. Lingard's book was much in advance of anything that had yet appeared on the subject; and at the same time exposed the misrepresentations which the ancient English Church had suffered at the hands of Protestant writers. The primary object of all Lingard's writings was to persuade his fellow-countrymen that they were mistaken in their estimate of the Catholic religion and of its followers. Never was an apologia presented with more goodwill or with more tact. Unfortunately Lingard's prudent reserve did not commend itself to Bishop Milner, whose idea of controversy belonged to the sledgehammer type. He wrote to Bishop Gibson denouncing the work as heretical; and frightened Lingard's poor old mother at Winchester by telling her that her son had written a bad book. In spite of Bishop Milner's opposition, and some adverse reviews in Protestant journals, congratulations poured in from all sides and the author's fame was established. A second edition came out in 1810, and an American edition

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in 1841. In 1842 Lingard was preparing the so-called third edition, and in his letters to Dr. George Oliver we see the thoroughness with which he worked. He says that he must rewrite; that in consequence of Soame's Bampton lectures he will examine afresh all the Anglo-Saxon Homilies yet available, and wait for others which Thorpe has promised to publish. The rewritten work was published in 1845, and Sharon Turner, Lingard's old antagonist, wrote to him a generous letter complimenting him on the ability and research shown in the new edition. This edition still remains the textbook for the student of the Anglo-Saxon Church.

In July, 1808, it was decided to remove the college to the new building at Ushaw, and five professors and forty-seven students migrated to their new quarters, which were in a sadly unfinished and insanitary condition. As a result, fever attacked nearly every member of the community, and five graves had to be dug in a hastily consecrated cemetery. During the next few years Lingard was busy writing tracts in defence of the Catholic religion. The most important was the series connected with a Visitation charge delivered in 1806 by the Protestant Bishop of Durham. The controversy extended over three years, and Lingard's contributions to it were collected and published in 2 vols. (832 closely printed pages). Another series on the Civil and Religious Principles of Catholics also belongs to this period. Dr. Eyre, President of the college, died in May, 1810, and Lingard had charge until June, 1811, when Bishop Gibson appointed the Rev. Thomas Gillow as president. An attempt was made to obtain this post for Lingard, but the Bishop considered an older man preferable. Lingard had been for some time professor of theology only, having relinquished the class of philosophy, and, as Dr. Gillow announced that in future he himself would teach theology, Lingard determined to leave Ushaw for a quiet country mission where he would have the leisure to pursue his historical studies.

Lingard left Ushaw in September, 1811, for the little mission of Hornby, but not without an attempt by the

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Bishop of Cork to secure his services for the professorship of Scripture and Hebrew at the newly founded college at Maynooth; and an attempt by Bishop Douglass to recall him to the London district to which he really belonged. Lingard pleaded his long connection with the Northern district, and was allowed to go to Hornby. Some years later, in 1817, Bishop Poynter invited him to undertake the presidency of St. Edmund's, Ware, but no offer could tempt him again to college life.

Hornby, eight miles from Lancaster, a small village in the beautiful valley of the Lune, was a great contrast to bleak and desolate Ushaw. The presbytery, built and endowed by Mrs. Fenwick of Hornby Hall in 1771, contained the beautiful Chippendale furniture which she bequeathed to it. There was a paddock, a walled garden full of flowers, and the Wenning stream, full of trout, which bordered the little property. A room in the house served as a chapel until Lingard built the present little chapel out of the money he received for the fourth volume of his *History*. Because that volume was on the reign of Henry VIII, he used, in fun, to call it Henry VIII's chapel. Lingard was soon the friend not only of the forty Catholics, all working people, who composed his congregation, but of everyone in the neighbourhood, for he had a magnetic personality which attracted to him all, Catholic and Protestant alike.

He had now the necessary leisure to undertake, what he had long contemplated, a *History of England*. The idea, he tells us, came from a remark of Walker of Newcastle, who had published his tracts against the Bishop of Durham. Walker had said: "After all, what is the use of these pamphlets? Few Protestants will read them. If you wish to make an impression, write books that Protestants will read." The attack made by Bishop Milner on his *Anglo-Saxon Church* made Lingard for a time hesitate, lest accusations against his orthodoxy might cause harm to Ushaw. He expressed his scruples to his friends, who reassured him and urged him to continue his history. Charles Butler added the advice—"Make it a rule never

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to answer the cavil of your critics." This advice Lingard took to heart, and throughout his career, he never answered criticism except on one occasion when an attack by Dr. Allen in the *Edinburgh Review* (1826) imperatively demanded a vindication under his own name. Anything of value in a criticism he was thankful for, and incorporated in a new edition. His first idea was an abridgement of English History for the use of schools. Cloyne, the Dublin publisher, had made the suggestion, saying that he was sure it would sell well in Ireland, "and leave the poisoned Goldsmith to the Protestant schools." It was to be a book written simply to correct the mistakes and omissions of previous historians. This plan he found unworkable and started afresh, but progress was slow. At the end of 1815 he abandoned the idea of an abridgement and determined to write a larger work—the great History of England which was to make his name famous throughout Europe and to inaugurate a new method of writing history, viz.: history based on original sources.

Let me give a bird's-eye view of English historiography up to the time of Lingard. We may say that before the eighteenth century no real history of England had been attempted. The earliest phase of historical writing was either a bald chronicle, with little sense of the relative importance of events, or else the heroic Saga, whose object was the aggrandizement of a chief or nation: accuracy was a secondary consideration. We have the two forms combined in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, which retained its popularity until the twelfth century. In the Middle Ages historical literature was almost exclusively confined to the Latin monastic chronicles. Capgrave's *Chronicle* (early fifteenth century) is the first work in English of any pretension after the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*. In medieval fashion it begins at the creation of the world, and, like all the old chronicles, is of value only when the record approaches the time of the author, e.g., Capgrave's account of Henry V's expedition into Normandy. In the sixteenth century the best historical work lay in biography, e.g., Roper's *Life of More* and Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*.

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The chronicles are still rambling and uncritical, the best, perhaps, Camden's Annals of the reign of Elizabeth. But no man dare write anything displeasing to the Tudor autocrats, as Sir John Hayward discovered to his sorrow. The seventeenth century was too busy making history to be able to write it. But it must be remembered that Bacon in his essays is the first to take a comprehensive and synthetic view of history, and to lay down the lines on which it should be written. He divides history into annals, biography, and narrative, and lays the greatest stress on biography, in which he had the assent of Carlyle, whose constant theme was that history is the essence of innumerable biographies. Like Carlyle also, Bacon insists that religion is the core and explanation of history in general. This was certainly true as long as the State held the view that there could be no political unity without religious unity; hence the misrepresentation of all things Catholic at the hands of English Protestant writers. There is no work of this century which does not bear the marks of partisanship, political and religious. Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, an apologia of the Stuarts, the Established Church, and his own Administration, was an epoch-making book because English opinion on the Puritan régime was formed by it and not altered until the appearance of Carlyle's *Cromwell*. Milton's *History of England* was of no value except for contemporary events, and Baker's *Chronicle of the Kings* was no better, though for long a popular book. The first comprehensive History of England (from the Roman Invasion to 1688) was that of Lawrence Eachard, Archdeacon of Stone (3 vols., London, 1707-1718). He wrote as a High Churchman and a Tory: it was very popular because it expressed the prejudice of the time. It was superseded by that of Paul de Rapin, a French Protestant, who, driven from France on account of his religion, threw in his lot with William of Orange and came to England with him. Later he retired in poor circumstances to the Continent. It was first written in French and published at The Hague 1724; the English edition was published at London in fifteen volumes,

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1725-1731. Voltaire called it the only complete and impartial history of England, which was not true, for Rapin was a rank Tory, a hater of France and of the Catholic religion. Written abroad by a foreigner who was ignorant of much that an English historian ought to know, it could not be called complete. Guthrie's History (3 vols., 1744) was a Tory hackbook and soon forgotten. Thomas Carte, a non-juring clergyman of the Church of England, published a history of England up to A.D. 1654 (4 vols., 1747-1752). It was to counteract Rapin's work. Carte had been implicated in the 1745 rebellion, was an inveterate Tory, and cannot be trusted in any question involving the rights of the Throne and the liberty of the subject. Those who considered Rapin's work too favourable to the house of Hanover subscribed for Carte's. He died while his work was unfinished; the materials he collected for the period between 1654-1688 are in the Bodleian. Though his style is prolix and inelegant, he was much superior to previous writers in his knowledge of early records, and he published in 1738 *A general account of the necessary materials for a history of England*.

Hume's *History of England* (5 vols., 1754-1761) superseded all others. Hume's practice as an essayist had given his style polish, brilliancy, and beauty; he wrote history as an essayist and philosopher who regarded truth as subordinate to effect. He was the apologist of the Stuarts, the detractor of the British Constitution, an enemy of the Christian religion. He composed an interesting, romantic, and saleable version of English history. He used no original sources, previous histories supplying his material. The *Edinburgh Review* called him "the copyist of Carte," and the array of authorities at the foot of his pages were taken at second-hand. There is much fine writing in the work, but as it is not true—*cui bono?* With Hume, imagination took the place of research; he does not hesitate to manufacture speeches that were never uttered or to impute motives for which there was no evidence. His philosophy is cold, cynical and infidel. The

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critics properly equipped with historical knowledge exposed his mistakes and proved his history to be inaccurate, partial, superficial, and worse; but it had a great popularity and held the field when Lingard contemplated writing his History of England.

Lingard started with the axiom that the foundation of history is fact, and that it is the duty of the historian to discover it. This principle was as old as Cicero. *Quis nescit, primum esse historiæ legem, ne quid falsi dicere audeat? Deinde ne quid veri non audeat?* But historians had forgotten it, and history had become the plaything of bitter controversial propaganda. The adopted definition of history was that of Dionysius of Halicarnassus—"history is philosophy teaching by examples"; and, since the Revolution of 1688, the philosophy had been either Tory or Whig and the examples selected to suit the writer's particular brand. Almost everyone had taken the basis of his narrative from his predecessor; all had to be taken on trust, for no proof was afforded; and by constant repetition fiction had almost acquired the semblance of reality, so that Byron could say:

Where history's pen its praise or blame supplies,
And lies like truth and still more truly lies;

and Sir Robert Walpole exclaim: "Read me anything but history for that must be false." Needless to add, Catholics and the Catholic religion had been vilified and misrepresented by all.

Lingard's object was to gain the ear and secure the confidence of the British public, hitherto almost inaccessible to Catholic argument, and "to make the Catholic cause appear respectable in their eyes." The slashing controversial style of argument had been tried and had failed. Berington, Butler, Potts, and Milner had explained, persuaded and stormed to deaf ears. Lingard determined to try a new method; he explains it in the preface to his History. He will take nothing on trust; he will examine original documents and the ancient authors; he will only consult modern historians when he has satisfied his own judgement

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and written his narrative, so that he will not be biassed by their opinions; he will stand aloof, the unconcerned spectator of passing events and record them fairly; he will have no preconceived theories. For many years he had been gathering that store of general historical knowledge which, as he himself said, must be the foundation of every historian's equipment. His notebooks and loose notes, still preserved, are evidence of the wide extent of his reading. Now he began to collect transcripts of original documents wherever they could be found. Fr. Bonney, to whose article *The Making of Lingard's History* (*Ushaw Magazine*, December, 1909) I am indebted, gives a list of the correspondents who came to his help at home and abroad; they are too numerous to give in detail, but it is evident that the best Catholic brains were mobilized to supply information.

In the summer of 1817 he made a tour on the Continent for the purpose of consulting certain foreign archives. He arrived in Rome with letters of introduction given to him by Dr. Poynter. Through the Rev. P. McPherson, Rector of the Scots College, he sent to Cardinal Litta, Prefect of Propaganda, a letter of introduction with a presentation copy of his *Anglo-Saxon Church*, and asked for an interview. The Cardinal was gracious, promised facilities to examine the Vatican MSS. and obtain transcripts, and fixed a day to receive Lingard. But before that day arrived Cardinal Litta had received a letter from Bishop Milner. What its precise contents were we do not know; but when Lingard made his call there was no welcome such as he had been led to expect. The Cardinal coldly informed him that the calumnies in Hume's history having been already exposed and refuted by Dr. Milner in his *History of Winchester* and in his *Letters to a Prebendary*, no further researches for the purpose of a history of England were necessary. No harm, however, was done by Milner's interference; for the other Cardinals more than made up for Litta's cold douche. Cardinal Consalvi obtained for him access to the Vatican archives, and to any other collection he might wish to examine. Unfortunately, the

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Vatican archives had been thrown in such confusion by the French Revolution that Lingard did not then obtain what he wanted; later on Dr. Gradwell made the transcripts required. Besides his own business in Rome, Lingard had a mission from the English bishops. They were anxious to see the restoration of the English College in Rome, but under the government of the secular clergy, and not as formerly under Jesuit direction. In spite of difficulties and opposition, Lingard before he left Rome was able to inform Dr. Poynter that he had succeeded in his mission, and recommended Dr. Gradwell for the post of Rector. On his way home, Lingard searched the archives in Milan and Paris; and, on arrival in London, received and declined Bishop Collingridge's offer of a Mitre, the bishop wishing to obtain a coadjutor in the Western Vicariate. At the end of August, 1817, he was again at Hornby; and by the end of the year he had made such progress with his work that two Catholic booksellers were approached, but neither was eager to come to terms. One of them, Booker, offered £300 for the first three volumes, and to have all succeeding ones at the same price. Mr. George Silvertop, of Minsteracres, an intimate friend of Lingard, then made overtures to Joseph Mawman of Ludgate Hill, a Protestant. He also hesitated, but went for advice to Lord Holland, a warm advocate for Catholic Emancipation, who already knew something of Lingard. Mawman said to Lord Holland, "I have a work on English History by an author you know little of." "Oh!" said Lord Holland, "there is only one man in England to-day who can write its history, and his name is Lingard." "Why," said Mawman, "that is the name of the man whose History I have." Lord Holland read the MS. and recommended publication. Mawman made an agreement with Lingard in March, 1818, to purchase the first three volumes (*i.e.*, to end of reign of Henry VII) for £1,000; to go to press in October, and to have the refusal of all subsequent volumes. Lingard had at the time only completed as far as the reign of Edward II, and in seven months he wrote the remainder. He says that this was the greatest labour he ever under-

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went. The three volumes appeared in 1819 at the price of £5 5s. the set. The work was an immediate success; there was an urgent call for volume 4, which came out in 1820, and a new edition of all four volumes appeared in less than three years. The remaining four volumes were published at intervals, the last in 1830. The eight volumes brought Lingard £2,800, out of which he built the chapel at Hornby and founded burses for ecclesiastical students at Ushaw.

Its reputation grew with each succeeding volume. Its temperate tone, especially on religious topics, commended the work to the attention of Protestant readers, who seemed surprised to find a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic treating controverted questions in a spirit of candour and truthfulness. Many of the mistakes of Hume and other historians were unostentatiously exposed and refuted in the notes, in order that, to use Lingard's own words, he might not repel Protestant readers, while furnishing every proof in favour of the Catholic side.—D.N.B.

He did not continue his History beyond the end of the reign of James II, because he believed that the principles of the Revolution of 1688 were fixed so firmly in the minds of the British public that their prejudice would not have stood a truthful account of the character and intrigues of William of Orange.

Throughout the remainder of his life he was ever at work revising and adding to his History as new information came to light. Help came from Protestants: Peel obtained for him copies of papers in the State Paper Office relating to the Gunpowder Plot, Lord Lansdowne gave him leave to inspect the Lansdowne MSS. For the information based on the Simancas records, Lingard has been severely criticized by Martin Hume and others; but, as Lingard pointed out, his agent was not allowed by the Spanish officials to make transcripts or even to take notes, and had to write down afterwards from memory what he had read. It would be tedious to give an account of succeeding editions of the History: the last revised by Lingard was the fifth edition published by Dolman 1849-51. It is the most important, because it contains a mass of new

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matter. On its preparation Lingard took infinite pains, though he was then an old and infirm man. I have read the letters which passed between him and Dr. Oliver at this period; they show the ready and valuable help given by Oliver and the close scrutiny of every scrap of information in Lingard's hands. If Lingard in the first edition had been studiously reserved in his judgements of peoples and events that he might not repel Protestants, this extreme caution was relaxed in the later editions. Having gained a general attention, he introduced further matter respecting the Penal Laws and other topics which at first he had prudently withheld.

The History was received with acclamation not only in England but in all the centres of learning abroad. An Italian translation by Gregori was printed at the Propaganda Press by order of the Pope, who subscribed for 200 copies. The Trésorière-Générale took 500. A French translation by Roujoux appeared. The Archbishop of Bordeaux told Lingard that his History had done more good to the cause of religion in France than any other book in their time. The University of Paris ordered that a copy should be placed in every college library, and that copies should be given as prizes to students of philosophy and rhetoric. In 1825 Galignani, the old book pirate at Paris, issued an English edition at £3 3s. to undersell Mawman's at £5 5s. An English abridgement by Sadler was produced in Lingard's lifetime and one by Burke for the use of schools, first issued in 1855, passed through more than forty editions. Gooch, in his *History and Historians in the XIX Century*, says: "Lingard superseded Hume and remained the most popular sketch of our history until the appearance of Green."

On its first appearance the History did not escape some hostile criticism in the Protestant reviews; this was to be expected. They suggested that "implicit credit must not be placed on Dr. Lingard's narrative when religious partialities intervene"; they, however, acknowledged "his industry, learning and acuteness directed by no ordinary talents"; and finally recommended the History to the

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serious student for its authorities and exact references. But before any Protestant reviewer had noticed the book, Bishop Milner, in the *Orthodox Journal* (June, 1819), picked out certain points for censure and condemned the spirit of the book, which he said "is not a *Catholic* history." He said to the Rev. Walter Blunt: "It's a bad book, sir, and only calculated to confirm Protestants in their errors." Milner's article was answered by "Candidus" (John Fletcher, D.D.), who pertinently pointed out that what Dr. Lingard had undertaken to write was not a book of controversy but a History of England. I doubt whether Milner could appreciate the point. He had learnt nothing from the bitter controversy which had raged round his own *History of Winchester* and *Letters to a Prebendary*—which had postponed the publication of his finest work *The End of Controversy* (written in 1802, but not published until 1818). The clash in the *Orthodox Journal* was bitter and personal. Milner wrote under the titles "Narrator" and "Judex" as well as in his own name, and as "Judex" actually had the impudence to pose as arbitrator between Candidus and himself. Meanwhile, Dr. Poynter had lodged at Rome a complaint against the *Orthodox Journal* and Milner's virulent articles in it against Charles Butler and himself. Milner had been twice censured for his writings there, and the result of this last complaint was an imperative order from Rome to Milner to cease writing in the *Orthodox Journal* on pain of being deposed from his vicariate. Milner, who was agent in London for the Irish bishops, asked them to condemn the History, but received answer that the Irish bishops, clergy, and educated laity had read, approved, and admired it. It is very difficult to follow the working of Bishop Milner's mind in his hostility to Lingard. In 1819 he called the history "a bad book"; in 1822 he wrote to the *Catholic Miscellany*, under the signature of "Romano-Catholicus," complaining that the editor had said nothing "concerning the Rev. Dr. Lingard's splendid History of England"; in the next year, 1823, he endeavoured to obtain the condemnation of the History by Propaganda. The day was

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not yet come when history would widen its boundaries beyond a political narrative, and *Quidquid agunt homines* be more and more the theme of the historian, leaving nothing concerning humanity outside its province.

Pius VII (by Brief, August 24, 1821) conferred on Lingard the triple academic laurel, the Doctorates of Divinity, Canon-law and Civil-law. In 1823 his name was second on the terna for the appointment of a coadjutor bishop in the Northern Vicariate. Milner immediately sent a memorial to Rome against Lingard's selection. He claimed that he had done everything for the boy Lingard, and laid the foundation of his learning, but that he had not fulfilled his hopes; in learning, indeed, Lingard had advanced beyond his expectations, but not in piety. The Rev. T. Penswick, whose name was first on the list, was appointed. Lingard had no official notice that his name had been sent, and he could not decline what might not be offered to him. He would probably have remarked, as Dr. Oliver did in similar circumstances, "The only mitre I desire is a night-cap."

In 1825, Lingard and his publisher Mawman took a holiday on the Continent, and Lingard made his second visit to Rome. Pope Leo XII, who received him with paternal affection and saw him many times, wanted him to remain in Rome, and asked him what he could do to induce him to stay. Lingard pleaded the cause of his unfinished History, which could only be written in England, and was unable to give a definite answer to Leo's question of how long it would take. At his parting audience the Pope gave him the Jubilee Year medal in gold. In October, 1826, at a Consistory, in which four Nuncios were created Cardinals and proclaimed, whilst seven others were created but *reservati in petto*, Leo spoke of one of the *reservati* as a man of great talents, a most accomplished scholar, whose writings, drawn from original sources (*ex nativis fontibus*), had not only rendered great service to religion, but had delighted and astonished Europe. In Rome it was the general opinion that the Pope was referring to Lingard, nor was any exception taken to this opinion until seven

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years after Lingard's death, when Cardinal Wiseman, in his *Recollections of the Last Four Popes*, suggested that it was Lamennais and not Lingard whom the Pope had in mind. I cannot now go into the details of the controversy which followed Cardinal Wiseman's suggestion; but this much is certain—that Lingard, who was the humblest of men, and would not have assumed that the Pope's words referred to him unless a hint of the Pope's intention had been conveyed to him, did believe that the words referred to him. A humorous letter (September 14, 1840) which Lingard wrote to his friend, the Rev. John Walker of Scarborough, and Mrs. Lomax's letter to *The Times* on Lingard's death, before any confusion had been mooted, leave no doubt on this point. It is known that Leo XII repeatedly enquired, "When would the History be completed?" suggesting that he was waiting for Lingard to go to Rome. Leo died in 1829, a year before the History was finished, and the secret of the Cardinal reserved *in petto* died with him. The article by "Z" (Lord Acton) in *The Rambler*, November, 1859, summarizes all that is known on this question.

The last attempt to obtain a condemnation of the History was made in 1828 by the Theatine Padre Ventura, described as an ultramontanist *enragé*, who had been dismissed from his chair at the Sapienza two years previously. The attack was silly and fanatical: it failed utterly. Pope Leo remarked that Lingard's critics "paid no regard to circumstances: they forgot the time when, and the place where, the history was written." Rome understood and had already formed the opinion that the History was one of the main causes which had wrought in England a favourable change in Catholic matters.

Although Lingard might call himself the hermit of Hornby, his life was a strenuous one. As already said, he was constantly employed in preparing his new editions; and, although he tried to keep out of church politics as much as possible, he was in fact a great power behind the scenes. He was Dr. Poynter's chief adviser in that prelate's dealings with the English Government. He drew up most of the memorials sent by the bishops—Milner, of

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course, excepted. At Rome his opinion was so esteemed that it was officially asked for in these matters. Wiseman said of Lingard: "It will never be known, until his Life is really written and his correspondence published, what a great share he had in our ecclesiastical affairs in England; and how truly he was the oracle which our bishops consulted in matters of delicate and intricate importance." Unfortunately the whole story cannot be told, because Lingard destroyed so much of this class of correspondence; as much as can be told will be found in Haile and Bonney. One point only I will touch upon—a correction. On page 136, Haile and Bonney give certain resolutions on the Veto drawn up by Lingard at the request of the bishops, and say that the resolutions were not adopted because Bishop Milner refused to sign them. Whether they were published I know not; but they were certainly adopted, with slight verbal alterations, for there is a printed copy at Bishop's House, Southwark, dated March 5, 1817, subscribed by all the bishops of England and Scotland, except Milner. Subjoined is the well-known "Genoese letter" of Cardinal Litta, which the bishops declare is the present authoritative guide of their conduct.

Another great claim on Lingard's time was his correspondence. No one, whether professor or student, ever asked in vain for Lingard's opinion or advice. Writing to Dr. Newsham, he says that answering letters occupies him from breakfast to dinner often four days in the week. Of his social and domestic side, as he was known at Hornby, I can say only a few words. A delightful article by the Rev. R. O. Billsborrow in the *Ushaw Magazine* (July, 1909) entitled *The Lighter Side of Lingard*, shows him as a delightful companion with a ready wit and a wealth of anecdote; with a buoyancy of disposition and a love of fun which never deserted him. He was beloved by all his neighbours, young and old, including the Murrays of Hornby Hall, Pudsey Dawson of Hornby Castle, Mr. Fogg at the Vicarage. Children worshipped him; he was the sworn comrade of the Murray children, who would run for the Doctor when they wanted a companion in their

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games. When the Assizes were held at Lancaster, members of the Bar would come over on Sunday to see him. Pollock the Tory, Scarlett the Whig, Brougham the future Chancellor, met at the table of the Catholic priest in his village presbytery—it was on such an occasion that the incident of the sewn-together halves of the leg of mutton is said to have taken place. In 1835 the members of the Northern Bar presented Lingard with his portrait, painted by John Lonsdale, which now hangs on the walls of the refectory at Ushaw. Lingard loved flowers and his garden was his delight; he loved children; he loved animals and kept a number of pets. There is the guinea-chick which he reared and untimely lost; the tortoise who answered (I think) to the name of Moses; his dog "Ettie," who used to come into the sanctuary and listen with apparent attention to her master's sermon; his pony Betty who, when he said his Office in the garden, walked up and down on the other side of the hedge, turning when he turned. Never was there a man with a more loveable nature than "t'ould doctor," as he was affectionately called in the village.

His last years were years of pain and suffering. To the infirmities of old age was joined an accumulation of maladies. He bore them all with cheerfulness and resignation. On July 17, 1851, having received the Last Sacraments, he calmly expired in his eighty-first year. By his own request his body was taken to Ushaw, and buried in the cloister of the college cemetery. The secular priests of Lancashire set up a memorial in the little Catholic Chapel at Hornby, and his Protestant friends erected one in the Hornby Parish Church, a singular proof of the love in which he was held by all.

JOHN FLETCHER.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF GRACE

HE bade them God be with them, saying they were Pilgrims and had a Pilgrim's gate to go." These are the words of Robert Aske, and perhaps contain the first use of that title which we associate with the great Rising of the North. We have here a typical Yorkshireman talking the dialect of his country. As I remember a Yorkshireman saying to me when we were driving along at a good pace, "We're ganging a gain gate." Aske probably said, "We've a Pilgrim's gaät ti gan." Robert Aske spoke the words on Weighton hill, the high wold above the little town of Market Weighton, where the Beverley men had assembled before deciding to march upon York, while the men of Howdenshire and Marshland, Aske's own particular followers, were to muster, as he said, "on another hill of the other hand of Weighton." As I have lived for half a century within three miles of Weighton, I am venturing to make some comments on the Pilgrimage of Grace. I can only cover, and that very inadequately, what was known as "the first appointment at Doncaster"—that is, the place where the Pilgrims were persuaded to stop and disperse.

The characteristic of the Pilgrimage is its popular origin. This is its glory in our eyes, and was perhaps its doom in the opinion of contemporaries. No noble of the higher orders was found in its ranks, no Duke, no Marquis, no Earl. The four Northern Earls, Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmorland, and Derby, were loyal to the King. Clifford of Cumberland, the first cousin of Aske, being conspicuous in his opposition to the Pilgrims. Perhaps some of the very great Lords were waiting to see which way the cat jumped—but at any rate they were nominally on the Royal side. So the Pilgrimage began among the Commons—not among those who could pride themselves upon their Quarterings. "How presumptuous are ye, ye

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rude *Commons!*” says Henry VIII in one of his letters. And we hear the army chant as it marches forward, “Christ crucified for Thy woundes wide, us *Commons* guide, which Pilgrims be.”

And yet in those undemocratic days the townsmen, yeomen, and farm labourers felt as helpless as sheep without a shepherd, unless someone of gentle blood would consent to lead them. The first thing the Commons had to do was to capture their leaders. The Commons had by force and threats to oblige the always apparently unwilling gentlemen to take the responsibility of direction. Look at the case of Robert Aske himself, just in the transition from the Lincolnshire to the Yorkshire rising. He was on his way as a lawyer to keep his term in London, when, to quote the original document, “he was *made* to take the oath” in the first instance at Ferriby; attempting to take boat, “he was met and so entreated by some of the Commons that he was glad to return to Sawcliffe—“entreated” here not meaning supplicated as in modern English, but meaning roughly handled. “That night about an hour before day the Commons came to Aske’s bed.” They took him to a town three miles south of Sawcliffe, where there was an assembly without captains or gentlemen. From this point Robert Aske appears as an absolute confederate; and very soon emerges as the principal leader north of Trent. But, like practically all the gentlemen, he seems originally to have suffered violence before he joined in with the Rising; the document indeed is entitled “The manner of the taking of Robert Aske in Lincolnshire.” We have to remember, of course, that the evidence given by the various gentlemen after the Rising was put down is somewhat vitiated by their desire to save their own lives. Aske, as we shall have occasion to notice later, was probably already predisposed in favour of the cause; but the immediate instrument in making him a leader was apparently force.

Neither was the Pilgrimage a clerical movement—it was religious certainly, but not ecclesiastical. Many priests took an active part from the first, like the Parsons of Far-

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forth and Brayton, or William Morland, a monk driven out by the Dissolution, and various Abbots and Priors who were involved more or less against their will. But the majority of Priests, and this is particularly the case with monks, were pressed into the service, quite willingly no doubt, but not as originators. We may quote the instance of the eight-score Priests at Caistor assembled for the Commissary's Court: the Commons, not the Priests, demanded that the oath should be taken.

We must not, however, underrate the influence of the clergy, and we can imagine which side it was likely to be on. At the time of the Visitation in Lincolnshire, which was the immediate cause of the first Rising, Thomas Kendall, S.T.B., Vicar of Louth, preaching on Sunday, October 1, 1536, said "that the next day there should be a Visitation, and advised them that they should go together and look well upon such things as should be required of them in the said Visitation." This sermon, or collation as it is called, was the immediate cause of the conflagration, for the next day the Rising began at Louth; and the Lincolnshire insurrection was the actual occasion of the Pilgrimage of Grace, though not itself the Pilgrimage.

This, then, is an instance of a clerical incitement; the Vicar was the match, the Commons were the fuel; he spoke, they acted. That day, we read, "as they went in Procession, a cross of silver borne in front, Thomas Foster cried: 'Masters, step forth and let us follow the Crosse this day: God knoweth whether we shall ever follow it hereafter or nay.'"

The idea the people had in mind was that the Visitation portended a great change, that one church should be made to serve three or four townships, and that there would be a confiscation of church ornaments and the loss of their parish cross. Thus the same day, after Evensong, the keys of the treasure-house were taken from the churchwardens, the church was watched all night, as it was supposed that the parish constable had orders to deliver the jewels to the Bishop's Chancellor. Next day the insurrection began, and the Bishop's Chancellor was soon afterwards killed.

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The clergy, indeed, were often so much of the Commons that they may be said to have been part of them. They were not many of them S.T.B. like the Vicar of Louth, neither were they usually of gentle blood, or even gentlemen in that laxer sense of the word which obtains in the present time. We read of them constantly hobnobbing with their parishioners at ale houses—in the sixteenth century conduct not so unsuitable as it might seem now. But the clergy actually ministering in the parishes, in many cases Curates for non-resident Rectors, were often what we should now describe in Yorkshire as “real plain uns.” I think we are justified in saying that the movement was rather popular than ecclesiastical. It was the Commons who rang the bells backwards, a special form of sounding the alarm. One Priest tells us how he threw the bell-rope up into the splay of the window to keep it out of their way. Robert Aske tried to restrain them at an early stage by a little ruse. In Marshland we read: “Seeing Aske, they wished to ring their bells, but he advised them not to be the first to rise, but to wait until they heard Howden Bells; crossed the Ouse into Howden, where he advised them not to rise till they heard the bells of Marshland.” It was the same with the beacons, a still more effectual method of raising the whole neighbourhood. A beacon was, as a rule, a kind of grate set upon a pole on the highest point of wold or hill. One of the most important in the East Riding was the Hunsley Beacon. The people found it lying on the ground, so they lighted hedges and haystacks. It was especially the flares at Hunsley and Tranby which gave the signal for the Pilgrimage of Grace in the East Riding, and set as it was said all the country “ive a flouughter.” And here I must remark that want of space obliges me to confine myself mainly to the insurrection in the East Riding. I cannot dwell at any length on other Northern districts. And certainly the East Riding was the storm centre. As in the beginning, so all through the Rising, the Commons had the root of the matter in them; the leaders compared with them were half-hearted. Even Robert Aske allowed him-

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self to be cajoled by Norfolk at Doncaster, when the instinct of his humbler followers was for action rather than words.

It is necessary to review briefly the origin of the trouble. Since that moment when, as Gray writes,

Love had taught a Monarch to be wise,
And Gospel-light first dawned from Bullen's eyes,*

Henry had carried out a series of astonishing changes in the religious position, and what concerns us here is their effect on the people at large, particularly in the North. The "man in the street" was not affected until one Sunday, when he went, as was then his invariable custom, into his parish church, and noticed the Pope's name missed out at the bidding of the beads, and heard Henry VIII proclaimed Head of the Church. Miss H. Dodds, a Protestant whose painstaking and fair-minded work on the Pilgrimage has been invaluable to me at this time, puts the matter very clearly when she writes:

Every preacher was ordered to preach against the usurped power of the Bishop of Rome, and they were to abstain for one year from any reference to purgatory, honouring of Saints, Pilgrimages or Miracles. This struck at the very foundation of the existing Creed. The Papal authority was not always popular in England: men grumbled at the Pope, sneered at him, criticized him—but that he was the only supreme head of Christianity was as firmly believed, and as confidently accepted as that the sun rose in the East.

It is a matter of gratification to me that the depositions of William Thwaites, the Priest at Londesborough, my own former parish, form, as Miss Dodds says, the fullest case remaining against a Yorkshire Priest. He is called Parson, which means Rector, but I am not sure that he was Rector. He does not occur in the list of Rectors—the list is defective, however. He may have been Curate to an

* Lines originally intended by Gray for his poem on "Education and Government." Perhaps Gray's sense of humour prevented their publication. But Mason says solemnly, "They are too beautiful to be lost."

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absentee Rector. The Askes were closely connected with Londesborough, as their mother was a Clifford; and Christopher Aske requested to be buried at the feet of Our Lady of Pity in Londesborough Church. He was the brother of Robert, and a strong opponent of the Pilgrimage. The Rector's attitude may therefore have influenced Robert Aske. The Bailiff of Londesborough charged the Parson with many doubtful sayings after Mass on May 3, the Festival of the Invention of the Cross, 1535. The Parson of Londesborough was rather a conspicuous man, as Londesborough had a certain importance, being one of the seats of Henry Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, the most vigorous and unpopular nobleman in the North of England. When the Archdeacon of the East Riding was at the neighbouring Priory of Black Canons at Warter, to give the Curates their briefs on the Royal Supremacy, the Parson of Londesborough refused to attend, and neglected to publish the Brief till Holy Rood Day in September. "Masters," he said one day, "there hangs a cloud over us, what as it means I know not." Another change which came home with especial force to country people was the interference with the Church Festivals, particularly the village Feasts connected then as now with the Patronal Festivals. They are popular now, though no longer religious, but in those times the Village Feast must have been the day of days in the parish. Changes like these come home to the meanest intelligence. Tennyson, who was a native of one of the districts most affected, describes the ordinary apathetic attitude of a countryman who sums up the sermon by remarking: "I thowt a said what a owt to a said an' I coom'd awaay." But, when something out of the ordinary routine happened, a person of this description was roused from his passive condition to a kind of fury of protest. Thus we read: "On Sunday before St. Luke's Day the Curate of Kirkby Stephen left out at the bidding of the beads St. Luke's Day; whereupon his parishioners would have killed him; but he took a sacring bell and rang it and bade the said St. Luke's Day as Holy-day." Again, "at Watton Parish Church, in the shadow of the great Gilbertine

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Priory, a very centre of revolt, the parish Priest did not announce St. Wilfrid's Day, and William Hallam, the leading yeoman-farmer of the place, demanded before all the congregation why it was left out, for it was wont always to be a holy day there. The Priest replied that the King had forbidden the keeping of that Feast."

When on the top of all these grievances the dissolution of the smaller monasteries was decreed, and carried out in a somewhat ruthless manner, the patience of the people was indeed exhausted. Among the various causes of the Risings in the Northern counties this occupies the first place. Robert Aske's account of this feeling, given during his examination in the Tower, is contained in a well-known passage:

He grudged against the Statute of suppressions and so did all the country because the Abbeyes in the North gave great alms to poor men and laudably served God; in which parts of late days (that is, since the suppression) they had small comfort by ghostly teaching. And by the said suppression the service of God is much minished, great number of Masses unsaid, and the consecration of the Sacrament now not used in those parts to the decrease of the Faith and spiritual comfort of man's soul, the Temple of God ruffled and pulled down, the ornaments and relics of the Church irreverently used, tombs of honourable and noble men pulled down and sold, no hospitality now kept in those parts. . . . Also several of these Abbeyes were in the mountains and desert places, whose people be rude of conditions, and not well taught the word of God, and when the Abbeyes stood people had not only refreshing of their bodies, but spiritual refuge both by ghostly living of them, and by spiritual information and preaching; and many of their tenants were their feed servants who now want refreshing both by meat, clothes, and wages, and know not where to have any living; and also strangers and baggers of corn as betwixt Yorkshire, Lancashire, Kendal and the Bishoprick was in their carriage of corn and merchandize greatly succoured both horse and man by the said Abbeyes, for none was in those parts denied either horse meat or man's meat, so that the people was greatly refreshed by the said Abbeyes where now they have no succour. Thus the suppression was greatly to the decay of the common wealth and all those parts greatly grudged against it and still do their duty and allegiance always saved. Also the Abbeyes was one of the beauties of this realm and to strangers passing through.

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Aske then goes on to speak of the educational value of the Abbeys and their zeal for local public works—a noble defence of the English monasteries by one who gave himself for their cause. The allusion to the beauty of the Abbeys is remarkable in such an age.

To be quite fair we may set against this what Henry VIII says about the Religious in his own personal letter to the Lincolnshire rebels:

As to the suppression of the Religious houses, says the King, we would have you know it is granted us by Parliament and not set forth by the will of any counsellor. It has not diminished the service of God for none were suppressed but where most abominable living was used as appears by their own confessions signed by their own hands in the time of our visitations, yet many were allowed to stand more than were by the Act needed; and if they amend not their living we fear we have much to answer for. As to the relief of poor people we wonder you are not ashamed to affirm that they have been a great relief when many or most have not more than four or five Religious persons in them and divers not one; who spent the goods of their house in nourishing vice.

Comparing these two statements we can ask ourselves which appears to have the ring of truth about it; or, better still, strike a judicious balance between them.

Other causes contributing to the Rising were the Statute of Uses, and the interference with prices. With regard to the first, it was unpopular with the landed interest, for it hindered provision being made for younger sons in the case of tenants-in-chief; and the interference with prices was the usual grandmotherly legislation which injuriously affected both buyers and sellers and led to many absurd rumours. Another reason was political. The Parliament which had made all these important changes had been so packed by Cromwell that even the ideas of that submissive age had been violated. As was written on the subject by one of the leaders:

It is alledged that the King hath authority given him by Parliament to suppress these Abbeys. I thynke that these Parliaments was of no authority nor virtue, for if these schulde be truly

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named they schulde be named counsilles of the Kings appointment and not Parliaments, for Parliaments owyt to have the knights of the Schyer and burgesses of the towns of their own election . . . not such men as the Kyng will *appoint* for his own priva lucor.

A special grievance in Yorkshire was the under representation of that county, which had now twelve fewer boroughs sending members than in the fourteenth century. So even in that age a Reform Bill was demanded in the North. Another remarkable point is put by Aske: "Before the last Parliament the first thing they always commoned of after the Mass of the Holy Ghost was to affirm the first chapter of Magna Charta touching the rights and liberties of the Church." That is, I understand, they always began their proceedings by quoting the famous clause, "The Church of England shall be free," etc. At Pomfret, in their sixth proposition, the Pilgrims refer to this: "That the Church of England may enjoy the liberties granted them by Magna Charta and used until six or seven years past." And another point on which the Pilgrims laid great stress was the repeal of the Act declaring Princess Mary illegitimate.

The Commons rose first, the leaders came afterwards. But we must admit that the idea of a Rising was in the minds of some of the principal leaders. That is, they were hoping for an insurrection. Lord Darcy, who played such an important part, was in correspondence with the Imperial Ambassador long before the Pilgrimage; he had even suggested that the Emperor should invade England. Detained in London by the quite justifiable suspicions of the Government, he wrote to this foreign ambassador that if he once got back to the North he would secretly prepare for a Rising. His conduct at Pomfret, therefore, need not surprise us. Again, in the case of Lord Hussey, we read the following in the examination of a Yorkshire gentleman:

Examined upon certain communications between Lord Hussey and him in the former's garden at Sleford he says: "Lord Hussey asked the news in Yorkshire concerning heresies—answered, 'It was little there, except a few particular persons who carried in

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their bosoms certain books—praying to God that he (Lord Hussey, I suppose, but here there is a blank in the MSS) and other noblemen might put the King's Grace in remembrance for reformation thereof.' Hussey replied, 'That we cannot do without help of you, and it will never mend without we fight for it, I tell thee man.' "

Hussey was ultimately condemned for his conduct in the Lincolnshire rising. He, like Darcy, corresponded with the Emperor's ambassador; and both these Peers were associated with the families of Pole and Courteney, who were under a cloud. We find Darcy, Hussey, and Sir Robert Constable dining together and complaining of heretical preachers.

In the case of Robert Aske of Aughton, an East Riding village near Selby, we can trace no such previous connection with any disaffected clique. He was not a person of nearly such importance as Darcy or Sir Robert Constable, being only a younger son, and by profession a lawyer. The King writes of him: "Where is your nobility become to suffer such a villein (as Aske) to be privy to any of your affairs, who was never esteemed in any of our Courts but as a common Pedlar in the law? It is only his filed tongue and false surmises that have brought him to this unfitting estimation among you." Aske had at any rate the advantage of belonging to a great East Riding family; and the fact that he was the grandson of the Bloody Clifford gave him a certain importance in the district most involved in the Pilgrimage of Grace. For the wife of the Bloody Clifford (John, ninth Lord Clifford) is buried in Londesborough Church; and she was the grandmother of Robert Aske. All the same, it is not easy to account for the important part he played. Henry's allusion to Aske's filed tongue refers to some persuasive gift, and certainly Aske's language is that of a poet. His presence was not prepossessing, as he had lost one eye, a loss which often gives a sinister appearance. But he must have possessed that indescribable gift which we call personality. Robert Aske of Aughton towers above all the rest, but why, we cannot tell; or how he so early attained to the position of Captain.

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The leader of the Pilgrimage is perhaps its greatest mystery.

The Pilgrims threw the blame of all the evils of the time, not upon the King, but upon his advisers, particularly Cromwell. As they complained: "The false flatterer says he will make the King the richest prince in Christendom." Yes, this certainly was the lure which largely influenced Henry. He suffered very much from "that perpetual want of pence which vexes public men." Not only had there been a recent serious change in the value of money, such as we have been enduring lately; but also, when the Parliament granted a tenth or fifteenth, custom ordained that it should be calculated on a medieval basis—which actually brought in a very much smaller proportion. Henry simply could not afford to forego his policy of spoliation. This brought his Government rather than himself into bad odour. Thus we read of a smith at Dent, somewhere in the Midlands, who, when he saw a man in the Royal livery, said: "Thy master is a thief, for he pulleth down all the churches in the country." But he was at once rebuked by the bystanders, who cried out: "It is not the King's deed, but Cromwell—and if we had him we would so crum him that he were never so crummed." So again the Pilgrims sang:

Christ crucified, for Thy woundes wide
Us Commons guide, which Pilgrims be
Through Goddes grace, For to purchase
Old wealthe and peax, Of the Spiritualtie
Crim, Cram and Riche With the three ls
and their liche. As some men teache God them
amend. And that Aske may without delay
Here make a stay And well to end.

Here the King is not mentioned, but rather his ministers and the heretical clerics, Crim Cromwell, Cram Cranmer, Rich, the three L's, the Bishop of Lincoln, with Lee and Layton, the Commissioners of dissolution.

The two Risings, one in Lincolnshire and the other north of Trent, were closely associated, though only the latter

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can be described as the Pilgrimage of Grace. We have seen that in Lincolnshire the trouble began at Louth. The immediate cause was the simultaneous action of three Commissions, one for the Subsidy, another for the dissolution, and a third for an enquiry into the fitness of the parish clergy. The second and third of these became confused in the minds of the people, and it seemed to them that the Parish Churches were about to share the fate of the monasteries. We find the popular idea quaintly expressed by a certain witness as follows:

On Michaelmas Day, this examinant came to Grimsby, and he dined at the house of a very tall man having a very tall woman for his wife; after dinner came in a shipman from Hull, who said: "We hear at Hull that ye should have a visitation here shortly and therefore we have taken all our Church plate and jewells and paved our own town withall, and so if ye be wise will ye do and mend your town which is very foul withall."

We notice that the rebels in Lincolnshire adopted a badge something similar to that later assumed by the Pilgrims, for the Lincolnshire banner represented among other emblems the Five Wounds of Christ.

The Government was thoroughly alarmed, and the King employed not only the sword but the pen. With the former weapon he had never been particularly successful, but with the latter he had already earned for himself a sounding title from the Pope; and his English style may be called forcible, as in the following passage: "How presumptuous then are ye, the rude Commons of one shire, and that one the most brute and beastly of the whole realm . . . to find fault with your Prince."

We cannot dwell further on the Lincolnshire rising and its ignominious collapse—it was principally important as a Preface to the Pilgrimage of Grace. For when the Yorkshiremen saw the gleam of the beacons across the Humber they began their far more serious insurrection. Aske himself, first taken in Lincolnshire, soon transferred himself to his own district, the East Riding, where he became at once the central authority. The Rising began in Howdenshire and was soon under the control of Aske. The Beverley

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district was immediately infected; Beverley, the capital of the East Riding, being an aggrieved town. Her famous rights and privileges, the heritage of St. John of Beverley, had been abolished by recent legislation. The Commons spontaneously rose and seized upon an unwilling leader in the person of William Stapleton, who was staying in Beverley at the moment with several of his kinsfolk. A lady of the Stapleton family was heart and soul in the cause, the ladies, as we should expect, being more enthusiastic than the gentlemen. Madam Stapleton, we read, "as the people went along the side of Westwood, stood in a close where great numbers came on the other side of the hedge, and cried to them: "God's blessing have ye and speed ye well in your good purpose." She then advised the Commons to come and pull her husband and his party "out by the heads," as she expressed it. The attitude of the gentleman is well illustrated by the remark Christopher Stapleton made to her: "What do ye mean, except ye would have me, my son and heir and my brothers cast away, and mine heirs for ever disinherited?" The Commons threatened to burn the Greyfriars, where the family was residing. Men were sent to fetch William and Sir Brian Stapleton out; and, when they came, there were terrible shouts of "Captains, Captains!" An Observant Friar had much influence with both sides, and in the end William thought it best to accept the position. And here we may remark on the curious fact that in every family the different members took opposite sides. William Stapleton was a leader of the Pilgrimage, Sir Brian Stapleton a strong opponent. All the Askes were against the Pilgrims except Robert; Christopher particularly distinguished himself against them. And Aske's cousins, the Cliffords, were the most determined enemies of the cause. So also Lord Darcy's sons were on the King's side; and Sir Marmaduke Constable of Evringham is constantly mentioned for his zeal on the Royal side, though he was the brother of Sir Robert Constable. All these people belonged to the Old Religious; they were simply divided by the political aspect of the question.

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The two companies, one from Beverley under Stapleton, the other from Howden under Aske, met, as we have seen, at Market Weighton, the Beverley men first arriving on the Wold above Weighton, and the Howden men camping (according to local tradition) on Weighton Common, and the rising ground near Houghton. Here the Langdales then, as now, resided; and we are told also by tradition that provisions were handed out to the insurgents from the windows of Houghton Hall. Hull still remained loyal to the Government, as no love has ever been lost between Hull and Beverley. The Mayor and Aldermen of Hull said "they would keep their town as the King's town." But after the men of Holderness threw in their lot with the rest of the East Riding, Hull was completely isolated, and after the fall of York surrendered to Elleker and Rudston on condition that neither gentlemen nor citizens of Hull need take the Pilgrim's oath—"To be true to God, the King, and the Commonwealth, and to maintain Holy Church." This was the original simple form of oath, but as expanded by Robert Aske it ran as follows:

The Oath of the Honourable men—Ye shall not enter into this our Pilgrimage of Grace for the Commonwealth but only for the love ye do bear unto Almighty God, his faith and to Holy Church Militant and the maintenance thereof, to the preservation of the Kings person and his issue, to the purifying of the nobility, and to expulse all villein blood, and evil councillors against the commonwealth from his Grace and his privy Council of the same. And that ye shall not enter into our said Pilgrimage for no particular profit for yourself, nor to do any displeasure to any private person, but by counsel of the commonwealth, nor slay nor murder for no envy; but in your hearts put away all fear and dread, and take afore you the Cross of Christ, and in your hearts His Faith, the Restitution of the Church, the suppression of those Heretics and their opinions by all the holy contents of this book.

This was the cause for which these men were ready to die—for which indeed they absolutely gave their lives—but yet we do not call them martyrs. The authoress from whom I have already quoted says that this passage even

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"sets her calm Protestant heart beating to the tune of the Pilgrims' march."

In York the Pilgrims did not encounter resistance, but rather received a welcome. Appearing before the City, October 15, 1536, Aske entered on the 16th with a select portion of his following. The Treasurer of York Minster, Lancelot Collyns, tells us that "on Monday Aske, with 4,000 or 5,000, came to York about Evensong; examinant and the whole Cathedral met him at the Church door and brought him in procession to the High Altar, where he made his oblation." Nine months afterwards, Aske was brought again to York to die, Henry VIII having directed that he should suffer "where he was in his greatest and most frantic glory." I think we must agree with the King, that was the greatest moment in Aske's life, when, with such a setting as only York Minster could give, the long procession went up the Cathedral to testify to the Faith of our Fathers. The Treasurer, who was the richest official connected with the Minster, then goes on to say how Aske and his lieutenants supped at the Treasurer's house during their stay. This splendid mansion has lately been restored, and we may see the hall with its minstrels' gallery, as it was when the Pilgrims sat there. Robert Aske nailed to the Minster door a proclamation running thus :

The Religious persons to re-enter their houses and to continue divine service until our petition be granted. And we trust in God they shall have shortly their right. . . . By the whole consent of all the herdmen of this our pilgrimage for Grace.

Though Robert Aske, who evidently had imagination, probably invented this title, he here writes it himself, not "of grace," as in the oath before quoted, but "for Grace." If "for Grace" is correct, it appears to mean that it was a pilgrimage to Henry VIII to ask him for his kind forgiveness and the restoration of religion. For Aske himself says: "We trust in God that we shall have the right intent of our prayer granted of our most dread Sovereign Lord plenteously and mercifully." I must say that the expres-

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sion "of Grace" is more poetically vague and religious. But, as both forms are given, we can perhaps make our choice.

While the Commons were approaching York, the great men of the earth, Archbishop Lee, Lord Darcy and Sir Robert Constable, had thrown themselves into Pomfret Castle. So, after the fall of York, Aske proceeded to invest that fortress. By this time far more than the East Riding was involved; the whole of Yorkshire had risen; and there were musters from all the Northern counties. We must anticipate for a moment, and glance at the muster after the fall of Pomfret, that we may see how representative the Pilgrimage really was when at its height of prosperity. The following extract is from Aske's Information:

The Commons were in two wards, the vanward being with St. Cuthbert's banner, accompanyd by the Lord Nevyll (eldest son of the Earl of Westmorland, he was a boy of thirteen), the Lords Lumley and Latimer, Sir Thomas Hilton, Sir Thomas Percy (brother of the Earl of Northumberland, and father of the future martyr, Earl Thomas) and all the band of the Bishoprick, Cleveland, and part of Richmondshire. In the 2nd Ward was the Lord Darcy, the said Aske, Sir Robert Constable, and all the knights and esquires of the East Riding, Holderness, and the Ainsty, the North and West Riding of Yorks. The rereward then coming forward with Lord Scroope, Sir Chr. Danby, Sir William Malore, the Nortons, Markynfields and other of Richmondshire, Wensdale, Swadale, Netherdale and Kirbyshire, Massamshire, and the liberties of Ripon.

At Pomfret, Lord Darcy found himself practically cut off, as the town declared for the insurgents. Aske also says in his evidence that Darcy could not have held the Castle as the Garrison was sympathetic with the Pilgrims. In Darcy's interview with Somerset Herald, he explained:

He had kept 13 score men there for 14 days at his own cost. He wrote for aid to the King and Lord Lieutenant, and has their answers—and every day the Captain wrote to him charging him on his life to yield the Castle, or they would burn his house, and kill his son's children. On the Friday night Darcy bid them £20 for respite till the morrow at nine o'clock, and then hearing

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of no succour and having no gunpowder or fuel, and the victuals coming to him being eaten and drunken before his face he yielded.

Knowing what was the state of mind of Lord Darcy and Sir Robert Constable, can we suppose that they did their best to hold the Castle? Certainly the King thought not, and old Lord Shrewsbury, who was entirely loyal, was of the same opinion. At any rate the fact of the surrender of this important fortress, without even an assault, brought Lord Darcy in his eightieth year to the block. For his subsequent conduct did nothing to retrieve his character for loyalty. After the fall of Pomfret, Darcy took his place by Aske's side. The latter offered to retire from his position as Captain of the Pilgrimage; but neither Darcy nor Constable wished to deprive him of this dangerous distinction.

Whilst the Pilgrims still lay at Pomfret, Lancaster Herald, the King's representative, appeared on the scene. The Herald in his official costume at once created a sensation on the outskirts of the camp. But, as he approached the market cross, Robert Aske sent to forbid him to deliver the King's message there, and he was conducted into the Castle. To quote the Herald's own account: "On entering the first ward he found many in harness very cruel fellows, and a porter with a white staff, and at each of the two other gates a porter with a staff and harnessed men. He again attempted to announce the King's pleasure in the hall of the Castle, but was sent for to Aske's chamber, and there found Aske 'keeping his post and countenance as though he had been a great Prince, and with great rigour, and like a tyrant, who was accompanied by the Archbishop, Lord Darcy, Sir Robert, etc. Saluted the Archbishop, and the Lord Darcy showing the cause of his coming, and then the said Robert Aske with a cruel and inestimable proud countenance stretched himself and took the hearing of my tale to which he gave no reverence, but superstitiously demanded my proclamation which I took from my purse and gave him. Then standing in a high place in the chamber he said . . . this proclamation shall not be read at the market cross or amongst the people who are all in accord-

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ance with our articles determined to see a reformation or die.'” The Herald further tells us that in his anxiety to deliver his message he absolutely fell on his knee to Aske. This spontaneous action on the part of the unfortunate man afterwards cost him his life, for the King considered that he had degraded his coat by kneeling to rebels. The Archbishop of York said that “Aske so blustered and spake so terrible words that the poor man fell down on his knees for fear.” The Archbishop raised him, saying, “It becometh not that coat armour to kneel to any man here.” Archbishop Lee was no doubt very anxious to conciliate the King when he gave this evidence.

The substance of the proclamation was a general pardon from the King for all excepting ten persons. Aske was taking no risks. The Lincolnshire Rising had already been disposed of by this simple method. The Herald thought that if he had been allowed to announce his mission the Pilgrimage would have been dispersed also. Some effect might have been produced perhaps upon the simpler folk, “the plough Commonte,” as the Herald calls them; but the army on the whole was resolute. That very day Sir Thomas Percy arrived with 10,000 more men from the North; and also on that day, October 21, at a Review held by the leaders, “there was no man there but was ready to do his best and prepare for battle.” And just later at Doncaster, we are told, “there was neither gentleman or Commoner willing to depart, but to proceed in the quarrel.” And again: “They would all die on a day rather than lose the worst upon the field—and if they call us traitors we would call them heretics.” The number of the Pilgrims by this time would be about thirty thousand. Though I dwell mainly on the East Riding, in other parts of Yorkshire great efforts were made to bring the Abbeys into the movement, as in the well-known case of Jerveaux. Aske, while sending round for contributions to the various monasteries, had no wish that the monks should themselves appear in the field.

The men from Durham, carrying St. Cuthbert's banner, arrived wearing a badge, upon which appeared the Five

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Wounds of Christ. This seems to have suggested the badge for the whole host. Just a quarter of a century before, when Lord Darcy and Sir Robert Constable had led a kind of crusading force of more than a thousand men to fight against the Moors in Spain, the men wore the device of the Five Wounds. These badges, laid by in Pontefract Castle, Darcy now brought out for distribution to the Pilgrims. The whole host was eventually supplied with this token. The badge still preserved at Everingham, the seat of the Constables, is said to be the very one worn by Sir Robert Constable. It has been adapted for use as a Burse at Mass, which indicates how sacred was the memory of the Pilgrimage in the eyes of the following generation of Catholics. To quote the evidence: "These badges were worn to make the soldiers believe that they should fight in defence of the Faith."

While the Duke of Suffolk, Henry's brother-in-law, had gone to Lincolnshire, the Duke of Norfolk, only half trusted by the Government, was in command against the Pilgrims. Lord Shrewsbury was to effect a junction with Norfolk; but the former's rash advance forced the Duke to choose the line of the Don instead of the Trent for defence; and this placed him with a half-hearted and inferior army very much at the Pilgrims' mercy. Norfolk, and his more noble son, Surrey, were both suspected of sympathy with the rebel cause; at any rate they hated Cromwell as much as the Pilgrims did; and they were of the party of the Old Religion. The Duke, who was a little boy at the time of Bosworth field, had shared with his father the glory of Flodden. The King, obliged to rely on the Howards, was in the position of a man endeavouring to flee from a fire, who has to put his foot upon an insecure ladder as his only means of escape. Probably, if they had been defeated in a battle, the Howards would have gladly joined the enemy. But at the supreme moment Aske and the other leaders hesitated, and entered into negotiations. As Norfolk wrote, perhaps half regretfully, the Pilgrims might have won, if, to quote his own words, "they had taken their advantage as men of war."

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But the Duke was certainly determined to be loyal until it was perfectly safe to be a rebel. As a soldier he saw it was not wise to fight, so he determined to treat, or "appoynt," as he calls it, with Aske. "My good Lords," he writes to the Council, "I came to this towne this night late where I found the scantest soper I had many yeares, and with contynewall watch and agony of mind so taned as I never was in my liff . . . alas my good Lordes I have served his highness many times without reproach, and now enforced to appoynt with the rebelles my heart is nere broken."

But as he explains in a letter to the King, his only intention was to deceive :

I shall not so spare this little poure carces (the Duke, like most of his descendents, was far from tall, and he was over sixty at this time)—that for my ease or danger other men shall have course to object any lageousness in me—and Sir most humble I beseech you to take in good part whatever promes I shall make unto the rebells . . . for sewerly I shall observe no part thereof, for any respect of that other myght call myne honour destayned . . . thynking and repewting that none oth or promes made for policy to serve you myne only Master and soverayne can destayne me.

Such was the attitude of the Royal party. Aske and his friends, on the other hand, appear to have approached the conference in entire good faith. Certainly the leaders on both sides shrank from Civil War. The memory of the War of the Roses was still green. The older men remembered it. Norfolk was a boy when his father was wounded, and his grandfather killed, at the battle of Bosworth. Darcy was in his twenty-fifth year when Barnet and Tewksbury were fought. Then, as Mr. Belloc has pointed out, the sentiment of loyalty in the sixteenth century was a kind fetich, and this no doubt influenced Robert Aske very much.

If there had been a battle at Doncaster the issue would probably have been victory for the Pilgrimage, and a rising all through England. For, though the Duke had some artillery which Aske had not, the Pilgrims had the advantage both in numbers and enthusiasm. As Norfolk wrote :

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"Though never prince had a company of more true noblemen and gentlemen, but right few of the soldiers but that thought and think their quarrell to be gode and godly, the companies that came with me and my Lord Marquess I trust would have done their parts, but I fear what the oders woll." With regard to the rest of England, we know from a letter to Cromwell that the Pilgrims said "We are plain fellows in the North, and Southern men, though they thought as much, yet durst not utter it." Or, as Darcy said: "I pray God the King have not as much nede to take side nearer home as here, fore and he sawe the letters that cometh daily to our Capteyne from all parts of this realm he would marvell."

The Commons were eager to go forward. Only three days before the truce, Stapleton says, "with much pain we stayed the people from setting upon Doncaster." And when, on October 28, 1536, the order came to disperse or "disparple," as they called it, we read that "they had more business with the rereward to order them to dispose than we have had with the vanward and the body of the whole battles." That is, I understand, that nobody wanted to disperse, but that the rereward was especially tiresome: "For in them, that is, the van and middlewards, were many well willed lords and knights, but in the rereward few men of worship, but wild people." Once more it was the Commons, not the men of worship, who had the cause most deeply at heart. But even among the leaders there was a war party which suggested how favourable was the moment for attack; and that they might capture Norfolk and Shrewsbury and make them take the Oath.

The terms arranged were very vague, but they left the Pilgrims temporarily in command of the North. Then followed a period of bitter disillusion, which ended in a terrible Royal vengeance. As so often afterwards in our history, the Catholics made a lamentable mistake by throwing away their advantage on this occasion. We can truly call the Pilgrims Catholics; for, though England was at the moment in schism, one of the great objects of the Pilgrimage was to restore the Papal authority. "They

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grudged," as Robert Aske said, "chiefly at the Acts of suppression of Abbeys, and the Supremacy which they thought would be a division from the Church. As to the supremacy they would have omitted the whole statute as he thinks." And, as the Pilgrims solemnly enacted afterwards at what was called the Council of Pontefract, in December, 1536: "The supremacy of the Church touching cure of souls to be reserved to the See of Rome as before. The consecration of Bishops to be from him."

The Pilgrims were indeed Crusaders "taking afore them the Cross of Christ, and in their hearts His Faith." But at Doncaster they missed the tide, the tide in the affairs of men.

R. CECIL WILTON.

JULIANA OF NORWICH

IN every love story of God and the soul the appeal of solitude is like that of a trysting-place to earthly lovers, or, at least, of a frequented and likely meeting-place, made dear by memory and hope. And always there have been some for whom this appeal has had the force of a vocation. The Fathers of the Desert, living in an age when the Church's spiritual life was passing from the first fervour of conversion to the sterner stage of purgation and self-restraint, seem to have cast away human fellowship and the common sorrows and joys of life rather as a sailor casting his cargo overboard to save his sinking ship than as a rover of the high seas lightening his craft of common merchandise to seek unencumbered for the treasure island of his trusted dreams—an attitude of mind akin to that of the medieval anchorites, as their blitheness of heart inclines us to believe.

I think it was Father Dalgairns who was able to describe even the Fathers of the Desert as "exchanging gentlemanly chaff" with one another; for the body that bears the heaviest penance (so it be God-appointed) holds ever the lightest heart; but the "ghostly mirth"—as one of themselves has it—of the medieval solitaries is irrepressible. Blessed Sybillina, the blind recluse of Pavia, and tertiary of the mirth-loving Order of St. Dominic, lived a life terrifying in its austerity. Yet she used her miraculous power of bilocation once at least to play a practical joke on one of her friends, and made merry in divine games of hide-and-seek with the Holy Child, Who took His pastime in her cell, suffering Himself at last to be caught and held, and worshipped with many kisses. Of Margery Kempe, anchoress of Lynn, it is said that on "that day that she suffered no tribulation for our Lord's sake, she was not merry nor glad, as that day when she suffered tribulation."* "It is God's will that we have true enjoying with Him in our salvation," says Juliana herself, "... and thus willeth He that merrily with His grace our soul be occupied."

* *The Cell of Self-Knowledge* (Chatto and Windus).

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And again she tells us, "With this our good Lord said full blissfully: 'Lo, how that I loved thee,' as if He had said, 'My darling, behold and see thy Lord, thy God that is thy Maker and thine endless joy . . . and for My love rejoice with Me.' . . . This showed our Lord for to make us glad and merry." She saw Him with "cheer of mirth and joy" in the "Showings" He vouchsafed to her; and in the record thereof, such words as "mirth," "merry," "joy," "gladness," besprinkle the pages like flowers in a spring meadow.

Juliana was born in 1342, and became a recluse before she was thirty. Traces of her anchorage may still be seen against the south-east wall of the old church at Conisford, near Norwich. The little church, dating from pre-Norman times, is dedicated under the patronage of St. Julian, King and Confessor, in whose honour Mother Juliana probably took her religious name. Grace Warrack, whose scholarly and sympathetic rendering of the old MS. in the British Museum I have used in writing this essay, thinks Juliana was most likely educated at the neighbouring Benedictine Abbey of Carrow, to which the revenues of St. Julian's belonged, and that she was probably a nun there; for more often than not anchoresses served, as nuns, their apprenticeship for a life of greater solitude. It may be noted, however, that Blomefield, writing his *History of Norfolk* in 1768, in naming Juliana and four of her successors in the anchor-hold, gives to three of these the title of "Dame," to Juliana and one other that of "Lady." Although either title might have been given to an anchoress as a religious, that of "Dame," which is still given to Benedictines, is possibly used to distinguish those of the Conisford anchoresses who had been nuns. There was an appointed rite for the enclosing of anchoresses. The Bishop performed the ceremony and set his seal upon the door which her living feet should never again pass, the ordinary onlooker probably feeling a *frisson* which was saved from being more than pleasantly creepy by the reflection that, after all, there is no accounting for tastes, and the consciousness that his own feet were still free of the good green

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fields, and his eyes of the broad spaces of God's skies, not doled to him within the niggardly measure of a narrow window-frame. The vow of an anchorite is thus worded in the Sarum rite: "I offer and yield myself in service to the Divine Goodness, in the Order of Anchorites; and I promise to abide in God's service by divine grace and the counsel of the Church, after the rule of that order, and to show canonical obedience to my ghostly fathers." The anchor-hold had one window looking into the church, where the recluse could hear Mass and be shriven and houselled, and another looking upon the outer world, where she spoke with those who visited her, and through which, unless there was a third window for this purpose, food and other necessities were passed to her. Although she never left the anchorage, others might enter it in case of serious need, such as sickness.

Juliana herself tells us that before the sixteen "Showings" were made to her she had asked three gifts of God. The first was mind of His Passion, of which she "desired a bodily sight wherein I might have more knowledge of the bodily pains of our Saviour and of the compassion of our Lady and of all His true lovers that saw that time His pains. For I would be one of them and suffer with Him." She says she was moved to ask this, "that after the showing I should have the more true mind in the Passion of Christ." The second petition which was "bodily sickness in youth, at thirty years of age . . . came to my mind with contrition," she tells us. She desired to receive the Last Sacraments, and that she and those about her should believe her dying. "In this sickness I desired to have all manner of pains bodily and ghostly that I should have if I should die (with all the dreads and tempests of the fiends) except the out-passing of the soul." This she asked because she "would be purged, by the mercy of God, and afterward live more to the worship of God because of that sickness. And that for the furthering in my death: for I desired to be soon with my God." Concerning these two desires she prayed: "Lord, Thou knowest what I would—if it be Thy will that I have it; and if it be not Thy will, good Lord, be

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not displeased: for I will nought but as Thou wilt." Of the third petition she says: "By the grace of God and teaching of Holy Church I conceived a mighty desire to receive three wounds in my life . . . the wound of very contrition, the wound of kind compassion, and the wound of wilful longing toward God."

It seems that these three petitions must have been made in early youth, for though she had the third ever in mind, she had already forgotten the two first when the second of them was granted to her at the age she had specified: "And being in youth as yet, I thought it great sorrow to die"—so far was she from being wearied of life through her solitude and austerities, though she adds: "but for nothing that was in earth that meliked to live for, nor for no pain that I had fear of: for I trusted in God of His mercy. But it was to have lived that I might have loved God better, and longer time, that I might have the more knowing and loving of God in bliss of heaven. . . . And I understood that I should die; and I assented fully with all the will of my heart to be at God's will." Then being about to yield up her soul, as she thought, with both breath and sight failing, she noted how all was dark about her, save for the crucifix which had been set before her eyes, and about which she "beheld a common light" and "wist not how." But suddenly all pain was taken from her, and as though loth to part with a guest that had kept such close fellowship with her Lover and could teach her so much of Him, she bethought her to desire "the second wound of our Lord's gracious gift" and the feeling in body and mind of His Passion. "For I would that His pains were my pains. . . . But in this I desired never bodily sight nor showing." Nevertheless bodily sight and showing were granted to her. She saw the red blood trickling from under the crown of thorns, and therewith began the marvellous series of divine "Showings," a mingling of bodily, imaginative, and intellectual visions (into which three categories they are divided by writers on mystical theology). The matter of the first was chiefly a sight of the Passion, and the successive visions became for the most part more

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intellectual during the five hours they lasted, "showing by process full fair and steadily, each following other." With the passing of the visions, her sickness returned, and she was left to moan and cry "as a wretched creature" for bodily pain, and doubting the reality of the "Showings."

Juliana's humility had the rare quality of being utterly genuine (for not seldom do even the humblest unwittingly deceive themselves at least; and there is a delightfully human touch in her repentant confession of annoyance at what she deemed the over-ready credulity of a religious who came and asked how she fared. "I said I had raved to-day." And he laughed loud and heartily. (This seems to imply that in spite of her condition Juliana's mind was so evidently clear as to make the idea of delirium merely a joke.) "And I said: 'The cross that stood afore my face, methought it bled fast.' And with this word the person that I spake to waxed all sober and marvelled. And anon I was sore ashamed and astonished for my recklessness, and I thought: this man taketh sadly [seriously] the least word that I might say." In half petulant humility she wept, "full greatly ashamed, and would have been shriven," for her doubt, too, caused her a sore scruple of conscience. "At that time I could tell it to no priest, for I thought: How should a priest believe me? I believe not our Lord God. . . . Ah! lo, wretch that I am! This was a great sin, great unkindness. . . ."

She lay still till night, trusting in the mercy of "our courteous Lord"; and with sleep came a horrible showing of the fiend, described with all Juliana's uncommon memory of detail. As she woke in terror, "anon a light smoke came in the door, with a great heat and a foul stench. . . . And anon I took to that our Lord had showed me on the same day, with all the Faith of Holy Church (for I beheld it is both one), and fled thereto as to my comfort. And anon all vanished away, and I was brought to great rest and peace, without sickness of body or dread of conscience."

Here the revelations re-opened. After "a delectable sight and a restful showing" came another diabolical attack, but "our Lord gave me grace mightily for to trust in

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Him. . . . My bodily eye I set in the same Cross where I had been in comfort afore that time, my tongue with speech of Christ's Passion and rehearsing the Faith of Holy Church." In all troubles and perplexities, Juliana runs like a little, trustful child to bury her face in the protecting lap of Mother Church; and she adds here, with that spiritual common sense which was as strong in her as in St. Teresa: "And I thought to myself, saying: Thou hast now great busy-ness to keep thee in the Faith for that thou shouldst not be taken of the enemy: wouldst thou now from this time ever more be so busy to keep thee from sin, this were a good and a sovereign occupation! For I thought in sooth were I safe from sin, I were full safe from all the fiends of hell and enemies of my soul." The trial lasted till day had fully dawned. "And anon they were all gone, and all passed; and they left nothing but stench, and that lasted still awhile; and I scorned him." . . .

In the remaining pages of the book Juliana gives a further explanation of some of the revelations and of matters connected therewith, according to the spiritual understanding granted to her—sometimes after the vision had passed. For fifteen years and more, she tells us, she had sought fully to know the meaning of the revelations, and at length was answered "in ghostly understanding, saying thus: 'Wouldst thou witten thy Lord's meaning in this thing? Learn it well: Love was His meaning. Who showed it thee? Love. What showed He thee? Love. Wherefore showed it He? For Love. Hold thee therein and thou shalt learn and know more in the same. But thou shalt never know nor learn therein other thing without end.'" Blomefield says that Juliana was deemed "one of the greatest holiness." She must have lived to the age of a hundred, for she was "yet on life" in 1442, to quote the MS. thus dated, which relates the revelations evidently from an account written or dictated by Juliana herself, who says, speaking of the divine charity therein revealed: "Truly I saw and understood in Our Lord's meaning that He showed it for that He willeth to have it more known than it is."

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The original MS. has been lost since the eighteenth century, but there are MS. versions of the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries, both preserving the fourteenth-century English, one in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, the other in the British Museum.

Those little acquainted with medieval spiritual writings are inclined to regard the spirituality of the Middle Ages as much less refined and more elementary than our own. They see its crudeness in medieval legends and old frescoes with their very material conceptions of heaven and hell, their evident aim at inspiring hope and fear rather than love and confidence. They think of the medieval mind as like that of a child, nimble in faith, clumsy in intellect, and accessible only through the senses, as seems indicated even by the popular devotions—our Lady and the saints, our Lord's humanity in general, and the Passion in particular, as appealing most to the emotions. They expect to find the divine love of the medieval saints, not tender, tranquil, imitable, but ecstatic, uttered in terms of blood and fire, having something of that fierceness which, in more earthly folks and affairs of the period, inclined to mere savagery.

But one of the strongest impressions which Juliana makes on us is that of sympathy, of mental and spiritual kinship. She is not only most pleasantly human, but she is in some way surprisingly modern. Her answered questionings are the spiritual problems of to-day. Her genius is even more original than it is naïve; her powers of reasoning and her grasp and knowledge of theological questions, astonishing, especially as she describes herself in the opening of her book as "a simple creature unlettered." Her spirituality has all the sweet reasonableness of St. Francis de Sales and the childlike trust of Thérèse of Lisieux. She saw even greater depths of God's unfathomable tenderness than were shown to St. Margaret Mary. Juliana's Jesus is rather the Jesus of the modern mystic, "Lucie-Christine," and (to how many of us!) the Jesus of our own hearts. For, without doubting the objective reality of the revelations made to God's most familiar friends, we may apply to

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the form and manner of the revelations the words written by St. Maximus in the seventh century: "God reveals Himself to every man according to the idea each has of Him." Of our Lord, surely, it is supremely true that He makes Himself "all things to all men."

Juliana's book is not simply a collection of mystical experiences. It is a divine philosophy of life, and needs to be read entirely under pain of misunderstanding the almost startling declaration of love from God to man. The whole philosophy of the book is one of radiant optimism. The Divine Love therein showed will leave no single loophole for the spiritual despondency which to-day is so common an ailment. "Often I wondered why by the great foreseeing wisdom of God the beginning of sin was not letted, for then, methought, all should have been well." Oh, universal cry—thus answered: "Sin is behovable; but all shall be well, and all shall be well, and all manner of thing shall be well." In these words, "said full tenderly," Juliana saw "a marvellous high mystery hid in God, which mystery He shall openly make known to us in Heaven: in which knowing we shall verily see the cause why He suffered sin to come. In which sight we shall endlessly joy in our Lord God. But I saw not sin," she says, adding, in perhaps unconscious accord with St. Augustine, "for I believe it hath no manner of substance nor no part of being." She understands, moreover, that a great deed shall be done by the Blessed Trinity at the Last Day, "ordained by our Lord God from without beginning, treasured and hid in His blessed breast, only known to Himself, by which He shall make all things well," and which "He willeth that we know—for that He would have us the more eased in our soul and set at peace in love—leaving the beholding of all tempests that might let us of true enjoying in Him."

But "one point of our Faith is that many creatures shall be condemned. . . . And all this standing, methought it was impossible that all manner of things should be well, as our Lord showed in the same time. And to this I had no other answer in showing of our Lord God but this: 'That

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which is impossible to thee is not impossible to Me: I shall save My word in all things and I shall make all things well.' Thus I was taught by the grace of God, that I should steadfastly hold me in the Faith as I aforehand understood; therewith that I should firmly believe that all things shall be well, as our Lord showed in the same time." The suspicion of universalism which some have conceived of the Lady Julian (and which I can only ascribe to a superficial reading of her book) is surely sufficiently refuted by the above passage, even were it unsupported by her appeals to the Faith of Holy Church (to which she constantly declares her loyal adherence), especially that with which the next chapter opens, continuing the same subject: "And yet in this I desired, as [far] as I durst, that I might have full sight of Hell or Purgatory. But it was not my meaning to make proof of anything that belongeth to the Faith: for I believed soothfastly that Hell and Purgatory is for the same end that Holy Church teacheth, but my meaning was that I might have seen for learning in all things that belong to my Faith, whereby I might live the more to God's worship and to my profit." And she tells us of the revelations: "I was not drawn thereby from any point of the Faith that Holy Church teacheth me to believe."

Elsewhere she says: "And as long as we are in this life, what time that we by our folly turn us to the beholding of the reprov'd, tenderly our Lord God toucheth us, and blissfully calleth us, saying in our soul: 'Let be all thy love, My dearworthy child: turn thee to Me—I am enough to thee—and enjoy in thy Saviour and in thy salvation.'"

It is a truism that God loves the sinner while He hates sin, but human wit fails to comprehend the distinction, and human language to express it. (When our Lord took upon Himself the punishment of our guilt, "He was made," says St. Paul, not a sinner but "*sin* for us.") We forget that "the wrath of God" is but a figurative expression. "This was . . . continually showed in all the revelations . . . that our Lord God, anent Himself may not forgive, for He may not be wroth: it were impossible," God being infinite peace and without passions. The ex-

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planation of this truth is assuredly not one we look for in medieval literature, yet few have so grasped it as the anchoress of Norwich. She shows us God enamoured beyond belief of the human nature He has made. (And here it may be noted in passing that Juliana most often uses the word "nature" or "kynde" in the sense of natural essence, whether "Nature-made" or "Substantial Nature not-made: that is, God.") Her reason is "greatly travailed" in striving to reconcile man's guilt with what she sees in the "showings," for "this was my marvel that I saw our Lord God showing to us no more blame than if we were as clean and as holy as angels be in heaven." Then she sees in vision mankind in the form of a servant standing before his Lord. At his Master's command, the servant "runneth in great haste, for love to do his Lord's will. And anon he falleth into a slade, and taketh full great hurt." Here is human nature, first as it came from God's hands, then fallen. But "only his goodwill and his great desire was cause of his falling." Of fault in him, or of blame assigned to him, "was none seen"; but the "courteous Lord" sought how He might reward His "loved servant" for his hurt. Juliana admits that she could not fully understand the vision at the time, but "twenty years after the time of the showing save three months, I had teaching inwardly." . . . "In the servant is comprehended the Second Person in the Trinity; and in the Servant is comprehended Adam: that is to say, All-Man. . . . God's Son fell with Adam into the deep of the Maiden's womb. . . . Thus hath our good Lord Jesus taken upon Him all our blame, and therefore our Father nor may nor will more blame assign to us than to His own Son, dearworthy Christ."

"In which showing," Juliana says, speaking further on of this same revelation, "I saw and understood full surely that in every soul that shall be saved is a godly will that never assented to sin, nor never shall." The same assertion is made in the Thirteenth Revelation, but its truth seems afterwards to have been more clearly shown, and is made less difficult to understand by the explanation that "w"

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have all this blessed will whole and safe in our Lord Jesus Christ." For in that humanity that shall people heaven it was needful "that therein was kept a substance which might never, nor should be parted from Him; and that through His own good will in His endless foreseeing purpose." This "godly will," then, seems either to be the Divine will of predestination in the elect, or their human will as seen in God in its final integrity, as opposed to what Julian calls "the beastly will in the lower part." I mention this point, not as being of special importance in the book, but because it is difficult to understand without study of the context.

But the soul is troubled, not only by the existence of evil, but by the sense of personal guilt. To Juliana it was shown "how Christ hath compassion on us for the cause of sin." "Full preciously our Lord keepeth us when it seemeth to us that we are near forsaken and cast away for our sin and because we have deserved it. And because of meekness that we get hereby, we are raised well-high in God's sight by His grace. . . ." With the knowledge we shall have in Heaven of the grievousness of our sins, "notwithstanding this, we shall see that we were never hurt in His love, we were never the less of price in His sight." The wounds of sin, once healed, "are seen afore God, not as wounds but as worships. . . . For He holdeth sin as sorrow and pain to His lovers, to whom He assigneth no blame, for love. . . . Our courteous Lord willeth not that His servants despair, for often nor for grievous falling: for our falling hindereth Him not to love us." In Heaven, "sin shall be no shame to man, but worship. . . . Right as diverse sins are punished with diverse pains according as they be grievous, right so shall they be rewarded with diverse joys in Heaven according as they have been painful and sorrowful to the soul in earth. . . . The goodness of God suffereth never that soul to sin that shall come there, without the which sin shall be rewarded . . . and blissfully restored by overpassing worship."

And, lest the boldness of her doctrine should shock, and men should be scandalized by God's incredible love of

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them, we have her words (like St. Paul's *Absit*): "But now if any man or woman, because of all this spiritual comfort that is aforesaid, be stirred by folly to say or to think: 'If this be true, then were it good to sin, to have the more meed—or else, to charge the less to sin—beware of this stirring; for verily if it come it is untrue, and of the enemy of the same true love that teacheth us that we should hate sin only for love. . . . For if afore us were laid all the pains in Hell and in Purgatory and in Earth . . . and sin, we should rather choose all that pain than sin. . . . For a kind soul hath no hell but sin.'" For there is a "reverent dread," the only one "that fully pleaseth God in us," which "the more it is had, the less it is felt for sweetness of love"—as opposed to the "dread that letteth us, because of the beholding of our self and of our sins," either "afore done" or "every-daily." How aptly fitted to the needs of our modern over-introspective spirituality is Juliana's advice concerning this discouragement. Its cause is a "not-knowing" of love. "For some of us believe that God is Almighty and may do all, and that He is All-Wisdom and can do all; but that He is All-Love and will do all, there we stop short (astynten)." "And this dread we take sometimes for a meekness, but it is a foul blindness and a weakness . . . it cometh of Enmity, and it is against truth. . . . For right as by the courtesy of God He forgiveth our sin after the time that we repent us, right so willeth He that we forgive our sin. . . ." And God goes farther than forgiveness. Even in the falls that seem at least to have delayed the soul on her way, "His love suffereth us never to lose time." But according to Julian's frequent reminder, the revelations refer to "them that shall be saved"; and this brings another question to the persistently fearful: Since I cannot be sure that I am one of these, how can I securely take comfort in this marvellous gospel of love? "What time we be ourselves in peace and charity," answers the anchoress, "we be verily saved." The elect are those who choose so to be; and no one can force you to change your present choice, while, on the other hand, if you pray God to keep your will steadfast by His

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grace, you will infallibly be heard. If you are lost, you, not God, will be the first to cease to care about your salvation. That you do now so care shows you to be one of those for whom Julian writes, to whom our Lord says, through her: "Art thou well pleased that I suffered for thee? . . . If thou art pleased, I am pleased . . . and if I might suffer more, I would suffer more. 'I keep thee full surely.'" "The mother may lay the child tenderly to her breast," says Julian, "but our tender Mother, Jesus, He may homely lead us into His blessed breast, by His sweet open side, and show therein part of the Godhead and the joys of Heaven, with spiritual sureness of endless bliss."

Other mystics have compared the relation between Christ and the soul to that of the mother and child, but the thought of the divine Motherhood in our Lord, as developed by Juliana, seems peculiarly her own. "The mother's service is nearest, readiest, and surest. . . . This office none might, nor could, nor ever should do to the full, but He alone. . . . This fair, lovely word *Mother*, it is so sweet and so kind of the self that it may not verily be said of none but of Him; and to her that is very Mother of Him and of all." Again Juliana says: "The mother may suffer the child to fall sometimes, and to be hurt in diverse manners for its own profit," but her love will never let her expose the child to danger, and though she should "suffer her child to perish, our heavenly Mother, Jesus, may not suffer us that are His children to perish. But oftentimes when our falling and our wretchedness is showed us, we are so sore adread, and so greatly ashamed of ourself, that scarcely we find where we may hold us. But then willeth not our courteous Mother that we flee away, for Him were nothing lother. But He willeth then that we use the condition of a child: for when it is hurt, or adread, it runneth hastily to the mother for help, with all its might. So willeth He that we do, as a meek child, saying thus: 'My kind Mother, my gracious Mother, my dearworthy Mother, have mercy on me: I have made myself foul and unlike to Thee, and I nor may nor can amend it but with thine help and grace.'

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And if we feel us not then eased forthwith, be we sure that He useth the condition of a wise mother. For if He see that it be more profit to us to mourn and to weep, He suffereth it with ruth and pity, unto the best time, for love. And He willeth then that we use the property of a child, that evermore of nature trusteth to the love of the mother in weal and in woe."

SISTER MARY BENVENUTA, O.P.

WHICH DEMOCRACY ?

S EVEN hundred years ago there landed at Dover nine poor men, who proceeded to beg their way to Canterbury. They had been sent to England as members of a small group of what would now be called international extremists. Their founder was the son of a wealthy Italian merchant. These nine men were of diverse occupations and social standing, but as one of the first acts required of them by their leader was to disencumber themselves of all money, lands, houses, furniture, and superfluous clothing, such artificial distinctions mattered not at all. Each member of the group was enrolled in the active service of God and man, under implicit obedience to one central authority; and in this service they were to recognize no distinction of race, of nation, or of class.

Within one hundred and fifty years of the death of their founder this little group of medieval internationals, living lives of incessant activity and of rigorous poverty, had grown into a society estimated to number 90,000, and distributed over all the countries of Europe. Before long they had appeared in Northern Africa, in Armenia, in Tartary, in China, in Bosnia, in Bulgaria, in Georgia, on the Congo, in Abyssinia. They built the first Christian church in America, and were instrumental in the despatch of Columbus on his voyage of discovery to the New World. They arrived in India, Peru, Mexico, Texas, California. And, among all peoples, they defended fearlessly, and without hindrance, the rights of the oppressed. They produced great scholars, and great statesmen. At the present moment they are rendering precisely the same service, in spirit, the world over, as that rendered by their founder to his fellow-men seven hundred years ago. They wear the same dress of rough serge; they live in the same bare poverty. This is a life history compared with which that of the democratic internationals of to-day is but a mushroom growth.

The aim of this seven hundred year old society is pre-

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cisely that with which post-war Europe is still occupied, the aim of creating individual and social peace; a peace built up, not by leagues of statesmen and financiers, nor yet by conscientious objectors, but by a direct appeal to individual citizens, of whatever class, to make each their own peace, first with God, and then with their fellow-men. And because the genius of their founder recognized that it is chiefly preoccupation with money and material possessions which not only often puts the soul into antagonism with God, but also creates strife between man and man, and between nation and nation—we of the twentieth century know something of the war-making capacities of the financier—he disencumbered his own protagonists for peace of every shred of wealth, as a man running in a race is bidden to lay aside all impediments of needless clothing. To this man poverty was the means of Liberty, the essence of Equality, the key of Fraternity. In poverty he found not only the perfection of a joyous freedom, but also a bond with his fellow-men that was both self-evident and insoluble. He held it to be as necessary an equipment for his lieutenants, in their great adventure of reconciling man with man, and man with God, as was the sword for the knight, or the pen for the scholar.

The efficacy of personal poverty as the equipment for men destined, as Francis of Assisi destined his internationals, to bring peace into a world in conflict, won immediate proof. Men had but to look at the spare bodies, the scant rough clothing, of the Franciscan Friars, and at the radiant cheerfulness of their faces, to perceive that these members of a new society were supremely disinterested, supremely convinced, and perfectly happy. Therefore, since all men crave for happiness, they gave the Friars a ready hearing. It was an age of fiercely warring communities, and of conflicting interests; an age of excessive and callous luxury, and of squalid degradation; an age when both class warfare and family feuds were rife; an age the splendid gaiety of which covered hidden masses of suffering, of impoverished souls, as well as of miserable bodies. The cry of the spiritual and social "underdog"

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caught and held the genius of the cloth merchant's son. "I should like to found a new religion," said Napoleon, testing perhaps the quality of the gentlemen of his suite. "Sire," came the swift reply, "to do that one must first be crucified." Francis of Assisi, as a young man, burning with desire to retrieve both souls and bodies, flung from him, with a single sudden gesture, every encumbrance of wealth, of ease, of social distinction; at the close of his life he shared, as nearly as is possible for man to share, the crucifixion of our Lord. Always swift in action, he no sooner saw the barriers, created by personal possessions, between man and man, than he threw aside even the legitimate means of providing the necessities of life, and went down into the streets of his native city, a beggar, begging his daily bread. It may be noted, incidentally, that he achieved hereby the height of personal humility. Perhaps, as happened three hundred years later to his great Spanish brother-in-arms in celestial warfare, St. Francis erred a little in his own excess of austerity; it is an excess by which our modern world might well profit. Be this as it may, the manifest direct appeal to the spiritual and social consciences of his fellow-citizens in Assisi, made by his perfectly original manner of daily life among them, brought him first two comrades, then twelve, then five thousand. It was a hitherto undreamt-of means of contact between men; it was a spiritual current which was to prove the greatest unifying force of the medieval world. In our own post-war world, crying out for unity, and finding none, it is worth while recalling how this greatest of democrats acquired, gradually and progressively, the means of breaking down, not only the barriers, both natural and artificial, which divide man from man, but also the more subtle barriers erected by men between themselves and God. No man or woman has ever achieved a closer union either with rich and poor, or with the God of both poor and rich, than did this son of the wealthy Italian merchant.

The training of this great international democrat was intensely individualistic, and always close down to the elemental facts of life. To begin with, the wealthy young

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man saw, with the relentless logic of his Latin race, that even the smallest of personal possessions are liable, as we have said, to hinder a man in the pursuit of divine as well as of social solidarity; that personal possessions do, in fact, divide man from man, and that they tend to obscure God from man. Meditating on these facts, he reflected on the condition of beggars; and he soon began to feel "a new sense of freedom" when in the presence of those who possessed nothing. The most practical of men, Francis determined to put this new-found sense of freedom to a searching test. He straightway, while on pilgrimage to Rome, borrowed the unsavoury clothes of a beggar, fought down the recoil of his naturally fastidious taste as he put on the rags, and manfully stood all day outside St. Peter's asking for alms. In the evening he relapsed again into the distinguishing livery of his own social class, the clothes of the wealthy bourgeois; but he had, nevertheless, made the first step in the training of the perfect democrat. From that moment, whenever in his usual lavish way he gave food to the poor of Assisi, he entertained them as his friends and his equals, and no longer as his dependents.

Then came the second step. In the thirteenth century the horror of leprosy walked openly amongst men. Francis, riding outside Assisi, met a leper, at sight of whom his highly strung senses sickened. His impulse was to spur quickly by, flinging an alms as he passed. His quickened sense of human kinship halted him. He dismounted, gave his alms, and kissed the leper's hand. Then he took the ravaged body of the man in his arms, and received, in return, the kiss of peace from the leper's lips. At that moment, as the barrier of natural human revulsion was broken, peace came to the young man's spirit. In his gratitude he made, henceforth, the lepers his especial charge; and, always, "as he gave his alms, he kissed their hands." Francis was learning that true human solidarity comes from the act of receiving, no less than from that of giving.

He had now made himself, outwardly, one with the poorest of men, having gone out, one winter's morning,

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when the snow lay on the ground, with nothing but a hair shirt to his back, singing for very lightness of heart, as he went his unencumbered way. He had also treated the poor as his guests, when inviting them to his own ample meals. He had dismounted from his horse to receive the kiss of a leper. But he had not yet won his third necessary step in graduating in the faculty of divine democracy. To do this he must become physically one with the poor, and constantly share their food, which was an entirely different thing to the bestowing upon them of the superfluities of his own table. Here is the record of how Francis gained his third step in social solidarity :

He went into the city, carrying a dish; and the citizens, humouring his will, gave him the scraps from their tables, so that his dish was filled. But when Francis came to eat of it his ingrained daintiness kicked, nor, at first, could he constrain himself to eat. Then he did battle with himself : he recalled to mind the poverty of Christ, and the hardships of the poor, and his own sworn allegiance; and in the end his loyalty conquered. He made his meal of the mess of broken victuals, even with something of an appetite, for he began to feel in the eating a strange spiritual joy. This meal became to him a sort of sacramental communion with the multitude who depend for their daily bread upon the goodwill of men, and with those whose generosity was feeding him, and with the Lord Christ, who is at once the Lord of the rich and the poor. (Father Cuthbert's *Life of St. Francis*.)

In considering the threefold steps in the training of this "divine demagogue" it must always be remembered that the handicap of wealth, with all its social isolations, hung heavily upon Francis; had, indeed, to be violently flung from him; and that only by stringent tests could his entire sincerity and conviction be proved, either to his own satisfaction, or to the satisfaction of his fellow-men. Before he could claim brotherhood with the poor and helpless, and preach effectively the duties of that brotherhood in the highways of the world, it behoved him to forego manifestly all the trappings of his birth and youth. He must be known as sharing personally, and always, the hardships of the poor, as he had been notorious for his delight in the splendid gaieties of the rich. Having stripped him-

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self not only of all possessions, but also even of proffered regular hospitality, allowing himself only, for subsistence, the daily gifts of chance donors, Francis now realized—depending thus entirely on the goodwill of men—the “encircling bond of kinship which makes all the world a family.” For him, now, “the wide world was one domestic hearth.” For him, the problem of social solidarity was solved. And, now that the third and hardest step of his training was completed, he was ready to receive his mandate. It was on a February morning in 1209 that the commission came to him. He was to go out from his mountain city into the world, and there reconcile man with man, and man with God, building up, in all countries, both a divine and a human solidarity: “The powers of evil who raised enmities between God and man, and man and man, were the recreants against whom he must war.” And, everywhere, he was to proclaim “the reign of Christ, and His peace.” And he knew that the sword of his conflict with the fomentors of hatred between man and man, and between man and God, should be his poverty.

“The powers of evil who raised enmities between God and man, and between man and man, were recreants against whom he must war.” This is the mandate which gives to the Franciscan spirit an extraordinary value in solving the international problems of to-day. For, with the growth of an unbridled capitalism, produced chiefly by the dehumanizing processes of “big business,” has come an ever-increasing cleavage not only between class and class, but also between the individuals, who go to the making of each class, and God. Moreover, simultaneously with this increasing spiritual and social discord, there has appeared an international death-ray, producing swift social and moral dissolution. Within a short seven years the deadly Soviet gospel of class-hatred, closely linked with a fiercely avowed atheism, has spread like wild-fire. It has already destroyed the framework of a vast empire, and sacrificed millions of innocent Russian lives. It is threatening all States and all ordered life. Active and convinced agents of this inter-

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national gospel of hate are at work throughout Europe and Asia, sowing the seeds of discord in soil only too well prepared by the callous indifference and the irreligion of our modern life. Not long ago one such agent was sent to an English naval port, where unemployment is now endemic. To an attentive street audience there were expounded, with vitriolic eloquence, the persuasive doctrines of class-hatred, reinforced by practical local applications that, given a very little increase in the misery of the unemployed souls and bodies of the hearers, would inevitably have roused even the most phlegmatic to fratricidal bitterness. That gathering, in an English market-place, called together under the Soviet emblems of the sickle and the hammer, was one of thousands that are held, weekly and daily, throughout all the countries of Europe, with the single aim of fanning the embers of the Red International. To-day these embers are smouldering. If the ill-housed, underfed, workless and creedless men and women in town and country are left much longer with no healthful antidote, the nations of Europe will inevitably be subjected to precisely such a conflagration as we have watched sweeping across Russia. The Soviet protagonists may be poor, and ignorant, and few in numbers. It was but nine poor men who landed at Dover seven hundred years ago; but they were the pioneers of an ever-increasing multitude, who, "at the very moment when society seemed likely to split up into hostile factions," brought a creative unifying spirit into every department of life, every stratum of the social order. This army of poor men "not only intervened in the affairs of the world, but they created new ideals in the imagination of the people, opened out new lines of thought, and turned men's energies in new directions"—the direction of peace. A movement no less widespread in the cause of hatred, violence, and destruction originated when a secret trainload of enthusiasts, led by a poor man,* one Vladimir Ilyitch Oulianof, known

* The personal poverty of Lenin has not been questioned. His room in the Kremlin was bare of all but the simplest necessities, his food hardly enough to sustain life and energy.

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now to all the world as Nicolai Lenin, was despatched by German diplomats to Petrograd. Within little more than twelve months of the arrival of these few men, the death-rays of Leninism had accomplished the dissolution of Russia. The inheritors of the autocracy of Lenin are now at work, with the devotion of the fanatic, applying the same corrosive solvent to the religious, social, and moral structure of Europe, America, and Asia. Analyzed, this solvent emerges as the simplest, most direct, appeal to the materialistic instincts in man ever launched for the overthrow of his spiritual nature. The stabilizing of Europe by the Franciscans in the thirteenth century was effected by an appeal, no less direct, to man's primary instincts as a living spirit. The Franciscan appeal to the immortal soul in man called into happy natural activity his inborn instincts for the service of God and of his fellow-men. Further, men who had listened to the words of the Poor Man of Assisi learnt to recognize that the deliberate raising of enmities between God and man, and between man and man, is both a moral crime and a social madness.

The followers of Francis, "the little poor man," demonstrated, to the discordant Europe of seven centuries ago, that "*the law of progress is not conflict but co-operation between the classes.*" The democracy of Francis is a democracy of spiritual and social reconciliation. The democracy of the Soviets calls for the violent destruction of all classes save one, and also for the extinction of all relations between man and God. By discord, hatred, class war, perpetual strikes, violent revolutionary outbreaks, the social order is to be shattered in order that the tyranny of one class, the proletariat, may emerge supreme. This aim is being pursued "with a directness, an unscrupulousness, an ability leaving the German militarists of 1914 far behind." Lenin called on the proletariat to break up "the machine of the State" by employing the armed forces of the workers and the peasants. Lenin raised the cry that the first duty of the proletariat is to "create universal civil strife." Then the victorious single class of the workers and peasants are to administer the world, not with even-

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handed justice for all sorts and conditions of men, but "*in the interests of the poor against the rich.*"* The fundamental conception of Soviet democracy is that of a hostile relationship between man and man, just as the primary conception of the Soviet ethic is the hostility of man to God. Trotsky has defined this latter dogma: "The working class has elaborated its own revolutionary morality which began by dethroning God and all absolute standards."† The official Procurator of the Soviet Government—that Government with which the English nation has been urged to conclude a treaty—declared publicly, at the Cieplak trial of 1923, "I spit on your religion as I do on all religions." This same Government has caused a poster to be generally exhibited, showing a working man, bearing the Soviet symbol of the hammer and the sickle, ascending a ladder into the sky and there attacking the figure of our Lord. On this poster the legend declaimed the intended destruction of the Christian "heaven." The same Government has organized, in every large city under its rule, the production of satires, plays, orations, and debates, all aimed at the destruction of a belief in God. The same Government issued, in December, 1921, a circular giving official permission for the use of all churches as theatres, dance halls, and lecture rooms. One of the principal administrators of Soviet law has declared that prayer is a "counter-revolutionary act," and, as such, is illegal. The Education code of the Soviet Government forbids the teaching of religion to persons under eighteen years of age. And as the Soviet democracy safeguards its subjects against any communion of man with God, so the possibilities of social concord are no less jealously averted. In agricultural areas "committees of poverty"—not the Franciscan poverty—have been devised by the master-mind of Lenin, in order to foment hostility between the members of the upper and lower classes in rural communities. In the towns the trade unions are to be made into an organized executive for the

* Nicolai Lenin, *Will the Bolsheviks Maintain Power?*

† Leon Trotsky, *Between Red and White.*

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"revolutionary repression" of any "undisciplined elements" among the workers.* What the Soviet Government understands by "revolutionary repression" has frequently been illustrated. Not long ago, to take one instance out of many, the railwaymen in a certain district went on strike. One hundred and twenty of these railwaymen were arrested, and nine were taken out of their beds and summarily shot.

Marvelling as to the means by which the inventors of this huge system of anti-social hatreds and compulsions, which has got itself imposed on vast areas of the world's surface within the space of seven years, believe that it can be rendered stable, we find that the ultimate sanctions of the Leninist sway are to be "bread-cards." It is by the elemental compulsion of hunger that the ideal Soviet democracy is to be held together. In Lenin's own words the foundation of the new era is to be "the basis of all, the class struggle for bread." It is a conception of human society "not very far removed from the life of the wild-beasts in the primeval forest, the savage of the eater and the eaten." The democracy of the Soviets promulgates the social morality of the jungle. Workmen are to hate their employers; the poor peasants are to hate those who are more prosperous; the prosperous peasants are to hate the landlords; all men are to hate priests; the whole duty of the Soviet democrat is to foment international civil strife, until the Proletarian Dictatorship is erected in all countries, under which each man will obtain more food, more clothing, more women, more land, and larger houses in which he will hasten to eat and drink, because to-morrow he will die and his soul with him.

In all countries Soviet missionaries are preaching this pure doctrine of Leninism. Everywhere the people are being promised the full enjoyment of the material goods of this world, provided that the existing order of society is destroyed; and the continuation, in perpetuity, of a "regular, most strict, orderly, organized distribution of bread, of every kind of food, milk, clothing, dwellings."

* These are the "shock battalions" of Trotsky.

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Here is an international appeal to the material desires of man, operated by exciting those anti-social instincts in human nature which, if it were possible for them to be loosed from all control, are sufficiently powerful to drag down the entire edifice of a civilization, built up during nineteen hundred years of noble effort. In their lust for universal destruction, the materialists of the Soviet faith have, however, forgotten that the conscience of the nations, once confronted with the spectacle of the unchained brute in man, will inevitably turn and rend the agents of subversion. Lenin asserts that "the basis of all is the class struggle for bread." A greater than Lenin has proclaimed that man shall not live by bread alone.

Thus the protagonists of the Soviet Utopia leave us in no doubt as to the nature of the new world, minus a new heaven, which they have in store for humanity. To some among us it may seem to bear a remarkably close resemblance to a new hell. It is indubitably based on just that obsession with the material things of life against which the inspired democrat of Assisi never ceased his warfare. Francis having "cast from himself, for ever, the three dominant tyrannies which in his own age, and since, have oppressed the souls of men,"—and also, it may be added, their bodies—"the tyrannies of wealth, place, and power," confronted the savage, and callous, and capitalist individualism of his own age with a social solidarity based not upon the slaughter of all classes save one, nor on calculated defiance of elemental laws, nor on the strength of the materialistic and brute cravings of man's nature, but by a direct appeal to the distinctive spirit within him, that spirit by which man is distinguished from the brute, and in virtue of which he delights to exercise his characteristic instincts of piety, of justice, of liberty, and of fraternity.

Where the Soviet democracy rouses class-hatred the Franciscan democracy binds man to man by the simple expedient of penetrating beneath surface distinctions, and reaching down to the essential brotherhood of man in the fatherhood of God. Where the Soviet democracy wel-

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comes every outbreak of local or of international conflict, as an opportunity of creating "universal civil strife," the Franciscan democracy, from the moment when Francis addressed his first street-corner crowd, has laboured untiringly for peace. Where the Soviet democracy declares that human fraternity can only be accomplished when the soul is cut off from God—"to pray is a counter-revolutionary act,"* the Franciscan democrats announce that man is most human and brotherly when he is most spiritual. As the Soviet democracy shows no respect for human life—over one million men and women have been "executed" by the *Cheka*, the secret tribunal of the Soviet Government, during the last six years, and the loss of adult and child life under the Soviet régime is beyond computation—the Franciscan democrat, everywhere and under all circumstances, shows reverence for life and paternal care for the sick. Where the Soviet democracy reduces popular education to an obscene farce—the *Izvestia* prints the report of a Soviet school-inspector to the effect that the majority of the teachers "showed unspeakable ignorance—some said that the sun goes round the earth," and Soviet sex-teaching could not be quoted in these pages—the educational work of the democrats of St. Francis is famous for its clean and practical scholarship.

The Franciscan democrat seeks to conform the whole world to a democracy in which the varied classes of men may freely co-operate, in a perfect equality of comradeship, bound together in a joyful obligation of service to God and their fellow-men. The Franciscan democrat upholds, always, the "sovereign claim" which every man possesses on his fellow-man, by the indefeasible right of his God-reconciled humanity. The watchword of the Franciscan democrat is reconciliation; that of the Soviet democrat, war—class-war, world-war, war upon God and upon man.

Carried upon the wave of a sudden national emotion, English working men and women have refused, by a great

* Statement made by Krylenko, Public Prosecutor of the Soviet Government.

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electoral majority, to sell their birthright of national honour and security for any dubious mess of Soviet pottage. But already the adherents of the Red Flag are declaiming that they have fallen only to rise again with reinforced power. Already their emissaries, animated, almost without exception, by a genuine though ill-directed fanaticism, are at work declaring to English listeners who have little chance, save during the short periods of electoral activity, of testing their statements, that the Soviet rule has been maligned and is in fact a free government by a free people. It is an infectious lie that needs sympathetic but prompt extinction. Let the essential characteristics of the false democracy of Lenin, on the one side, and of such a divine democracy as that of the Assisian on the other, be reiterated, in village and town, in market-place and street, and the national conscience, no less than the national common sense, will continue to stand at one with the conscience and the common sense of America, insisting on no support, moral or material, for the group of international "recreants who raise enmities between God and man, and between man and man," at Moscow.*

The need of England to-day is a democracy wise in harmonizing the precious and hard-won legacies of the past with the urgent problems of the present; a democracy quick to see that the utmost exercise of productive energy by every class is the surest remedy for unemployment and all its attendant evils; a democracy actively engaged in building up the walls of a *Civitas Dei*, against which the Leninist forces of dissolution, masquerading under the sacred names of liberty, equality, and fraternity, shall break in vain.

G. M. GODDEN.

* In two years, under the Soviet Government, twenty-six Archbishops and Bishops, and 1,200 Priests have been massacred in Russia; of these three were crucified, one was buried alive in quicklime, one was beaten, and another frozen, to death.

TWO ELIZABETHANS

I

AN ELIZABETHAN WORDSWORTH

IT is not among the Elizabethans that one looks chiefly for contemplative reflectiveness, quiet, restrained expression of deeply brooding thought. Yet the brilliantly creative and exuberantly fanciful Elizabethan age produced at least one poet in whom these qualities are pre-eminent. Samuel Daniel has not the spontaneity, the light lyrical charm of Sidney's

My true love hath my heart,

He lacks fire and passion, and wrote nothing comparable in these respects to Drayton's

Since there's no help, come, let us kiss, and part.

But if his thoughts are clothed in words serene and untumultuous, they are exquisitely clothed, in perfectly chosen language, and a haunting, pensive melody unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries. He has dignity, rising even to majesty, supreme grace and purity; and for a fastidious avoidance of coarseness, "a scrupulous propriety, an anxious decency," he is certainly unique among the writers of those very unfastidious, if splendid and prolific days in which he lived.

It is not the pleasure of things that Daniel is concerned with so much as their holiness, which is not a characteristically Elizabethan point of view. In fact, Daniel was in many ways a Wordsworth, born out of due time. An intuitional sense of a spiritual inheritance unto which we are born, a worshipful love of beauty, is shared by both poets. Both are meditative and reflective rather than dramatic or passionate. The exigencies of his times compelled Daniel to make love the subject of his sonnets, but his genius suffered in being thus limited. His lyre was properly dedicate not to Venus, but to Apollo, whom,

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in one of his inimitable single lines, he apostrophizes as the "clear-eyed Rector of the holy hill."

The lines of his life appear to have fallen to him in pleasant places. Struggle and poverty, the fate of so many poets, were not allotted to him. Many of the most cultured, most powerful, and most charming men and women of his times were his friends. He won fame, and his contemporaries, Spenser among them, certainly thought he deserved it. Yet his star was not a happy one:

The star of my mishap imposed this pain,
To spend the April of my years in grief.

And before the end came, in his self-chosen country home, at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven, the record is:

But yeeres hath done this wrong,
To make me write too much and live too long.

That sense of inevitable death in life, of the piteous transitoriness of all fair living things, which is indeed the mark of the true poet, possessed his brooding soul with perhaps too keen a poignancy:

Beauty, sweet Love, is like the morning dew,
Whose short refresh upon the tender green
Cheers for a time, but till the sun doth shew,
And straight 'tis gone as it had never been.

Love failed him. Fortunate circumstances, friendship, fame, were not enough. He is always aware that Life's elusive prize has missed him. A deeply seated melancholy of spirit is the result. His song, full of harmonies as it is, has not the dancing lilt of his fellow-poets, but is set always in the minor.

Samuel Daniel came of a musical Somerset family, and was born, probably near Taunton, in 1562. His father was a music-master; his brother John a musician of some note, for whose lute-book some of Samuel's songs were written. Magdalen College, Oxford, stately and inspiring

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environment for a budding poet, was his Alma Mater. There he entered as a commoner at seventeen, staying three years. A period of foreign travel, partly as servant to Lord Stafford, Elizabeth's French Ambassador, followed. He visited Italy, studied Italian verse methods, and was afterwards reckoned one of England's best Italian scholars. Also, sometime before the journey into Italy, he had fallen, unhappily, in love with one of the cruellest, if the fairest, of her kind. But all bruised young poet-lovers tell the same tale; and Delia of the "flinty heart" and "marble breast" and many other attractive but disappointing ladies have each unintentionally contributed to some of the world's best literature.

In 1590 came Daniel's big chance. At Wilton, as tutor to the young son of the Countess of Pembroke, the beautiful, good, and cultured Mary Sidney, he must have known some of his life's best happiness. The Countess and the poet were almost exactly the same age. Mary, a scholar and something of a poet, married to a man much older, and between whom and herself there was probably little intellectual sympathy—grief-stricken by the loss of her beloved brother Philip—may easily have found, in the refined, poetic, and deeply thoughtful mind of the man she had chosen, refreshment and perhaps consolation. As for Daniel, the experience was, as he says, his "first school." In the stately mansion, enriched by its mistress with a library containing considerable Italian literature, he came in contact with many of the choicest spirits of the day, and formed friendships afterwards fruitful. Encouraged by his inspiring patroness, the complete Delia sonnets first saw light, and were published, with the pathetic *Complaint of Rosamond*, in 1592. The sonnets, "which thou, from out thy greatness dost inspire!" were, of course, dedicated to the Countess:

Since only thou hast deigned to raise them higher;
Vouchsafe now to accept them as thine own!

Together, the great lady and the poet-commoner work and write. A play, *Cleopatra*, companion to the Countess's

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Antonie, is jointly accomplished, and appeared in 1594; and in 1595, the first four books of *The Civil Wars of York and Lancaster*, one of Daniel's least successful efforts, criticized by Ben Jonson as not containing a single battle! Battles were not likely to be inspiring subjects to one who wisely looked

. . . upon the mightiest monarch's wars
But only as on stately robberies.

How long this happy period lasted is uncertain. In 1593, the two little boys, William and Philip Herbert, aged thirteen and nine, matriculated at Oxford, and William stayed two years at New College. Whether Daniel remained at Wilton, as seems probable, is not clear.

In their subsequent careers, the "incomparable brothers"—though the elder patronized literature and never forgot his old tutor, and the younger practised art—must have caused mother and tutor most bitter disappointment. William and Philip Herbert, great and popular Court gentlemen of three successive reigns, were notorious for vicious dissipation. Women and wine, horses and dogs, were their lives' chief prizes; and of Philip it was said "his eloquence in swearing fitted him to preside over Bedlam." But he enriched Wilton with a fine collection of pictures.

Daniel's next pupil, the little Lady Anne Clifford, heiress of the Earl of Cumberland, of Skipton Castle, Yorkshire, a child of perhaps eight years when he went to her, happily did him more credit. She was destined to a life of much sorrow, but was renowned for piety and virtue and was not without literary taste. She married the Earl of Dorset, who seems to have brought her little happiness; and for a second husband (curiously enough), Philip Herbert, who brought her, as she should have expected, acute misery. If to the "marble halls" of Wilton drift back the shades of those who, long ago, walked and talked within them, moving amongst great courtiers and noble ladies, one must surely be the quiet figure whose

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destiny was so intimately interwoven with their own. Of them writes their unhappy sometime mistress :

The marble halls of Wilton were oftentimes to me but the gay arbours of anguish; so I gave myself wholly to retiredness as much as I could . . . and made good books and virtuous thoughts my companions.

In the church of the little Somerset village of Beckington, which was to be Daniel's last home, is to be found on the north wall a tablet with the following inscription :

Here lyes, expecting the second coming of Our Lord and Saviour Jesu Christ, the dead body of Samuëll Danyell, Esq., that excellent poet and historian, who was tutor to the Lady Anne Clifford in her youth, . . . who in gratitude to him erected this monument to his memory a long time after, when she was Countesse Dowager of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery."

The spirit of Samuel Daniel should brood happily over this honoured resting-place. He had fretted under the restraint of having "been constrayned to bide with children" when he "should have written the actions of men." Yet to him who had ever made good books and virtuous thoughts his companions had been given the reward of planting a love of these in a child's heart, where, afterwards, other joys were to find so small a space to blossom. He remained some years at Skipton, wrote there his *Musophilus*, containing some of his most characteristic thinking, and, in 1602, is settled in London. His house in Old Street, St. Luke's, had a garden wherein he loved to wander "with his Muse" or a choice friend, and there he would "lie hid for months," enjoying this eclectic company.

It is said that on the death of Spenser, 1599, Daniel was appointed Poet Laureate to Elizabeth. The accession of James I meant his introduction to Court life. Queen Anne from the first seems to have marked him out for preference.

In 1604 "a Company of children of the Revels of the Queen" was formed, "all plays to be allotted to Samuel

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Daniel." And in 1615, long after he had retired to his Somerset farm, another company of "Youths of her Majesty's Royal Chamber of Bristol" was "appointed by the King at the mediation of the Queen on behalf of Samuel Daniel." This post he held till his death four years later, and was succeeded in it by his brother John, who brought out in 1623 a complete edition of his Works, dedicated to Prince Charles. Other Royal posts given him were those of Gentleman Extraordinary to James and, in 1607, Groom of the Privy Chamber to Queen Anne, the salary derived from the latter being £60 a year. Court life, however, had few charms for this contemplative poet, and he does not appear to have remained permanently in London after 1604.

As Court Master of the Revels, Daniel wrote various masques and pastorals. *The Vision of the Twelve Goddesses* was performed at Hampton Court soon after the accession; *The Queen's Arcadia* at Christ Church, Oxford. *Hymen's Triumph*, "a masque of great beauty," was written to celebrate the marriage of Lord Roxburgh, and performed with unlimited splendour at Somerset House in the Strand. He also wrote a partial History of England, dedicated to the Queen. His best work had been done. He died at Ridge Farm, Beckington—his house there is still to be seen—on October 14, 1619.

Of his Works, those by which Daniel best deserves to be remembered are the sonnets, *Musophilus*, *The Defence of Rime*, and his poetical Epistles to different great personages of the day.

Professor Saintsbury says of the sonnets of Daniel, Drayton and Constable, that "these three contain the best work after Shakespeare and Spenser and Sidney in the English sonnet of the time." Professor Gollancz alludes to Daniel as a first master of the school: "In form he is important, as he undoubtedly did much to establish the arrangement of three alternate rhymed quatrains and a couplet which, in Shakespeare's hands, was to give the noblest poetry of the sonnet and of the world." And not only in form was Shakespeare Daniel's imitator. He

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"developed and converted from good into great poetry some of his themes."

In writing a love sequence Daniel was only following the fashion of his time, and, as already noted, it was not a fashion particularly suited to his genius. The general theme of the Delia sonnets is, of course, the surpassingly fair, intolerably cruel, and historically obscure maiden who dwelt by Avon waters :

Avon, rich in fame though poor in waters,
Shall have my song, where Delia hath her seat.

Who Delia was in unknown, or whether indeed the sonnets were all addressed to one only. The important point, in judging of the poet's work, is not what particular individual taught him love's glory and pain, but what is his attitude to love generally. To Daniel love is a very holy thing. Its object is one who "sits in my thought's temple sainted"; one who "can my heart imparadise." His heart flew into a "sanctuary," "the sacred refuge of thy breast." This is not characteristically Elizabethan, but it is very exquisite language, and few poets have treated the subject with a finer, tenderer reverence. In his sonnets, "I unclasp the book of my charged soul," and he bids their (very thankless) divinity "look on the dear expenses of my youth." They are not written for "art's" sake or "fame's" sake, but only "to unburden mine own heart" :

For God forbid I should my paper blot
With mercenary lines, with servile pen.

His haunting sense of the swift passing "glory of the blushing rose," of Time's revenges on all lovely things, has been before remarked, and finds constant expression in the sonnets.

The portrait of Daniel which appeared in the 1623 edition of his Works, reproduced by Messrs. Chatto and Windus in their excellent King's Classics edition of the Sonnets, shows us a face well in accord with the spirit of

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his poetry—grave, contemplative, truthful, and very refined.

In *Musophilus*, which is a dialogue between a poet and a courtier, and is a plea for poetic learning as a desirable part of the education of the latter, Daniel laments the world's invariable disparagement of poetic values:

. . . this busy world cannot attend
The untimely music of neglected lays;
Other delights than these, other desires,
This wiser profit-seeking age requires."

Whereby he shows that the present and Elizabethan ages have points in common. Anticipating Milton, he knows that if but a "few . . . lend their ear, that few is all the world." And if there be none to listen,

It cannot yet undo
The love I bear unto this holy skill:
This is the thing that I was born to do;
This is my scene; this part must I fulfil.

It is the voice of the true artist; and of all his fellow-labourers in the so often little rewarded fields of art, none had or has a more sensitive artistic conscience.

The Defence of Rime, which belongs to Daniel's London period (1602), and was written for his old pupil, then Earl of Pembroke, is his chief prose work, and, according to Sir Sidney Lee, is "one of the most admirable things in English literature. . . . With no bombast or slop of rhetoric, but with that quiet enthusiasm which is the inspiration of his own best poetry, and that simple propriety of style which distinguishes him both in poetry and prose, Daniel lays down, almost for the first time in English, the great principle that 'the Dorians may speak Doric,' that each language and each literature is entitled to its own ways and its own fashions." The Elizabethan age was more creative than critical, and his wisdom and clarity in the art of criticism again make Daniel noteworthy among his contemporaries.

"Methinks," he says, "we should not so soon yield up

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our consents captive to the authority of antiquity, . . . all our understandings are not to be built by the square of Greece and Italy. We are the children of nature as well as they. . . . It is not books, but only that great book of the world and the all-overspreading grace of Heaven that makes men truly judicial." The book was written to disprove Thomas Campion's contention in his *Observations in the Art of English Poesy* that rhyme is not a fitting vehicle for English. On the contrary, Daniel maintains, 'It adds more grace and hath more delight than ever bare numbers can yield.'

Some of quite the best of Daniel is contained in his *Poetical Epistles*, and of these the worthiest is addressed to the Countess of Cumberland. "As ethical poetry this is not surpassed by anything of the period." The opening verse, with its smoothly sonorous measure, and indeed all the poem, is as true to-day as when written, and will be true for all time :

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolvèd powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same :
What a fair seat hath he from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wealds of man survey!

In this noble poem, the frailty of human greatness, war, "where evermore the fortune that prevails must be the right"; the obliquity of vision of human selfishness; the folly of factions; the injustice of tyrants—these are all discussed philosophically, melodiously, and from a most modern standpoint. These "appal not him that hath no side at all, but of himself. . . . He looks thereon as from the shore of peace." Might is not right. "Troublous and distressed Mortality" brings most of its distresses on itself. The "all-guiding Providence doth yet disappoint" those ambitions, hopes, and endeavours of men which are not founded on the rock of the eternal verities.

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One of his modern critics has summed up the value of Samuel Daniel in two words, "sweetness and dignity." They are words which would honour any life; to a literary life they impart a particular significance. He is not always easy to read, but those who read him will always find matter for rejoicing "in the foliage and streams of his poetical oasis," even if some stony places must be crossed to arrive there. Southey says of him that he was the "tenderest of all the poets," and this happily describes his characteristically reverential attitude towards life, and love, and art. His skill is "holy skill"; the Parnassus towards which he aspires is a "holy hill"; his love "hovers with purest wings" among the stars. Singularly devoid of that too common literary failing, conceit, he believed whole-heartedly in his native language and had faith in himself as its exponent; and it is not too much to say of him that no writer, modern or Elizabethan, has written purer, more lucid, more melodious English.

I know I shall be read among the rest
So long as men speak English.

That confidence, expressed more than three hundred years ago, is not, to-day, unjustified.

It was further said of Samuel Daniel that he was for the most part *in animo catholicus*. Certainly it is Anthony Wood who says it; and "worthless gossip" disdainfully comments Sir Sidney Lee. But was it, in this instance, entirely worthless? One wonders.

MARY SAMUEL DANIEL.

II

AN ELIZABETHAN SCHOOLMASTER

RICHARD MULCASTER (1531-1611) ranks as one of the great Elizabethan schoolmasters, not only because he was the Headmaster of Merchant Taylors' School and later of St. Paul's, but also because he was an edu-

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cational reformer far in advance of his day, as can easily be seen from a study of his two books, the *Elementarie* and the *Positions*. His biographers, however, have neglected some of his educational activities, which throw new light on important aspects of the position of Catholics under Elizabeth in the matter of their education. This is not the fault of the biographers because, as they admit, their "information is very scanty." It is my purpose to supply this footnote to educational history.

Mulcaster resigned his Headmastership of Merchant Taylors' School in 1586, after twenty-five years' service, and was appointed Headmaster of St. Paul's in 1596. This period of ten years has baffled his biographers: they have noted his appointments as Vicar of Cranbrook in Kent in 1590, and as Prebendary of Yatesbury in the diocese of Salisbury in 1594—the latter on the presentation of Queen Elizabeth—and also his acting as examiner of his old school in 1588; but they have omitted the most important fact: Mulcaster was engaged during a part of this period in educating Catholic children taken away from their parents to be brought up by a schoolmaster "known to be well affected to Religion." Dr. Augustus Jessopp, in *One Generation of a Norfolk House*, has given an account of the sufferings of a well-known Roman Catholic family—the Jerninghams of Norfolk—in the latter part of Elizabeth's reign. He quotes from a MS. at Cossey a letter, dated Oct. 26, 1593, giving permission to Henry Jerningham to keep his two sons with him in the country "till the infection be more slackened in the City . . . so as your said sons may be delivered again to Mr. Molcastor's charge by Twelve Tide next, to remain with him for their Education as before. . . . From the Court at Whitehall, the 26 of October, 1593, your loving Friend, Howard. We do look in the meantime your children be brought up and instructed by a schoolmaster known to be well affected to Religion that may give accompt for their Education, etc.: Hunsdon, Wm. Cobham, R. Cecil, Jo. Fortescue, T. Buckhurst, J. Wolley."

There seems to be no reason to doubt that the "Mol-

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castor" named here is our Richard Mulcaster. The name in contemporary documents is often spelt Moun-caster and Muncaster, and no other schoolmaster of that time of the same name has ever been noted.

In this letter the words "as before" show that Mulcaster had been doing this work for some time because the letter is a permit for an extension of leave. The Recusancy Laws, passed from 1581 onwards, make no mention of this method of punishing Catholics. The only other evidence I have found which refers to this subject is given by Father Persons in his *Annals of the English College at Seville*, written in 1610, and reprinted by the Catholic Record Society. Dealing with the year 1593, Father Persons writes: "*Valde saeviebat in Anglia persecutio hoc tempore contra Catholicos ubi inter caetera constitutum fuerat ut filioli deinceps parentum catholicorum praesertim nobilium a teneris annis praeceptoribus traderentur hereticis pestilentissima haeresi Calviniana imbuendi.*" . . . *

If this statement of Father Persons be read in conjunction with the letter noted above, it will be clear that Catholics were being subjected to another form of cruelty which would be felt as keenly as physical sufferings.

Mulcaster was certainly "well affected": he had always been a keen admirer of Elizabeth, to whom he had dedicated his *Positions*. Perhaps now we may understand why she gave him a Prebend of Salisbury in 1594, and presented him to the good living of Stanford Rivers in Essex in 1598.

F. M. OSBORNE.

* The *Catholic Record* note at the end states: "Father Persons does not specify when this constitution or decree or proclamation was promulgated, and thus we cannot say for certain what it was."

THE CELIBACY OF THE CLERGY

THE ecclesiastical regulation in the Catholic Church, which forbids priests to marry, is much criticized and decried by non-Catholics, but this, undoubtedly, is because it has never been presented to them in its true light. Did our critics grasp the situation and consider it from the Catholic point of view, so far from condemning the action of the Church in this delicate matter they would both wonder at her insight and admire her wisdom, as, indeed, many non-Catholics have done in the past. Many of the more enlightened and less prejudiced even of our enemies have not only recognized the many advantages of the law of celibacy, but have openly expressed their admiration of it to the world at large.

Mr. Buckle, the historian, for instance, observes that "of all the contrivances of the (Catholic) Church to extend her power, the celibacy of the clergy is one of the most important, and from whatever side we view it must be regarded as a *masterpiece of political wisdom*." Then he proceeds to give some of his reasons :

By freeing the priest from domestic embarrassments it not only enables him with the greater ease to maintain his rank in society, but induces him to concentrate his energies on the interests of his own order. Further, by debarring the priest from the hope of legitimate posterity, it prevents the introduction of that spirit of hereditary descent, which has always been fatal to every class in which it has long and exclusively existed.*

Protestants often strive to make out that the Catholic Church despises, and in some measure discountenances, the marriage state. Here they make a great mistake. So far from looking down upon the marriage state, she honours it and esteems it far more than any other Church. She sees in it an image of the union between Christ and His Church. Does she not bless such unions, with much pomp

* See *Fraser's Magazine*, August, 1867.

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and ceremony, and direct that the marriage rites be performed by a duly ordained priest, and at the very steps of the altar of God? Most certainly. But she does much more than this. She does what Protestants refuse to do. She insists that Christ has raised the contract that the man makes with a woman, and that the woman makes with the man, to the great dignity of a Sacrament, in which special graces are conferred, and in which the contracting parties receive all the spiritual help they need to enable them to love and be faithful to one another, and to fulfil the arduous and onerous duties of their state of life. Surely this is going a considerable step even beyond others in her esteem of holy matrimony.

But I will go further still. So great a regard has the Catholic Church for the married state that on no consideration whatsoever will she ever allow a dissolution of the marriage bond. Once the contract is properly entered into, once the marriage is duly *ratum et consummatum*, as the expression goes, she regards it as absolutely indissoluble. No power on earth can break the union or give licence to either party to marry another. Not even the fear of the great Napoleon could prevail upon Pope Pius VII to annul the marriage of Jerome Bonaparte with his American Protestant wife. And so it has been with all Popes since the time of Peter. It may no doubt happen, and, indeed, it has happened, that two persons have lived together as man and wife, under the impression that they were properly married, when in truth some impediment had existed from the first to make such a union null and void. In all such cases the Church does not grant a divorce, for, let me repeat, she never can grant a divorce, properly so-called. She can NEVER say, "I dissolve the marriage bond." No, all she has the power to say is, "I declare, after careful examination, that in this particular case before me, there is not, and never has been, and could not have been, a true marriage. You are consequently free; not because I can break the contract, for that is impossible, but solely because I find that no true contract ever existed to bind you. Go! I declare you are free. You

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thought you were married. In truth, you were never married at all." Thus it is clear that the Catholic Church shows a higher appreciation of the marriage state, as well as a more earnest desire to protect and to safeguard it, than even those outside her pale.

Yet, in spite of this undeniable fact, the Catholic Church esteems the state of virginity as higher than the state of wedlock. She says that matrimony is good, yes, very good; but virginity is better, and much better. That is all she ventures to affirm. And, in so judging, she does but repeat, in her own way the inspired and therefore infallible doctrine of St. Paul, who clearly and categorically declares that "He who giveth his daughter in marriage doeth well, but he that giveth her not doeth *better*." There is no question here of contrasting "good" and "bad." It is simply of good being contrasted with better.

Now surely, if any body of men more than another should choose what even St. Paul teaches is the better and the higher way, it should be those who feel themselves called to the sublime work of the ministry. This is, at all events, the view of the Catholic Church; and, as a consequence, she expects the priest to be celibate who stands at the altar every day to offer up the adorable sacrifice of the Mass, who intercedes for the people, who absolves from sin, and whose duty it is to exhort, to teach, and to reprimand, and who should be an example to the entire flock. In spite of what Protestants sometimes say, there is no hardship here. There is no "undue interference with the liberty of the subject" as is sometimes urged, for the Church obliges no one to enter the ecclesiastical state. All she says is: The mission entrusted to me by God incarnate is so holy, so sublime, and of such transcendent importance, that I must have picked men as my ministers and coadjutors. I must find men generous enough and zealous enough to devote *not a part only, but the whole of their energies* to the incomparable work of saving souls for whom Christ died. I will accept no one with a "divided heart." If you, and you, and you do not feel ready and willing to renounce the delights of family life and the solace of wife and children,

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then I must ask you to step on one side. I have no objection whatever to your marrying. I do not wish to interfere in the least with your choice. All I say is, though you may be most excellent men and model Catholics, you will not do for the work of the ministry. You do not come up to my standard. You are not fit to enter my priesthood. I require labourers of a different calibre, of a higher type, of a superior mould. I need men of self-sacrifice who are capable of denying themselves to the extent, at least, of living a virginal life.

Will anyone object that this is arbitrary, unjust, and not according to the Gospel? Whosoever says so has clearly never considered the matter. Let us turn to the inspired page of God's Holy Word. Here, in the Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, chapter vii, we find the great Apostle not only observing virginity himself, but urging his hearers to follow his example: "I would that all men were even as myself"; "I say to the unmarried and to the widows, it is good for them if they continue even as I." He then proceeds to make use of words and of arguments which have an altogether special application to priests, who are called upon to labour in the vineyard of the Church, and who should give themselves up, heart and soul, to their sacred calling. Listen: "I would have you to be without solicitude," he writes. Now, "he that is without a wife is solicitous for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please God. But he that is with a wife is solicitous for the things of the world, how he may please his wife; and *he is divided*." Weigh those words of the Holy Ghost carefully, and then ask: Does the Catholic Church want ministers of the Gospel whose hearts are divided? Does she want men whose very condition renders it impossible for them to give their whole and undivided attention to the all-important work entrusted to their care? If any weight is allowed to the words, the INSPIRED words, just quoted, then a married clergy—a clergy, that is to say, who by reason of their very position are solicitous about their wives and children—are neither so fitted, nor so capable, nor so successful as a clergy wholly

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free from all family ties and unencumbered by all social cares and embarrassments. But, so soon as ever it is frankly admitted that an unmarried man makes a better and a more devoted and undistracted worker than a married man, it is most unjust to accuse the Church of unreasonableness because she insists upon selecting unmarried men to exercise the serious and vital duties of the sacred ministry. After all, this is only saying that she will have the very best class of workmen she can get.

The Church of England is perpetually complaining of the difficulties of providing adequately for her married clergy. Again and again do we read in the daily Press of the impossibility of finding living incomes for her parsons, nearly all of whom have a wife and a large family of children. The bishops wring their hands and seem in despair while describing in *The Times*, the *Manchester Guardian*, and other public prints this sad state of things. Whereas, if the Church of England insisted on allowing only men whose hearts are, as St. Paul says, undivided entering the sacred ministry, she would not only be less embarrassed by tiresome financial difficulties, but would have her work far better done. As it is, wives and children greatly impede the smooth working of the ecclesiastical machinery and sometimes threaten to produce most disastrous consequences. A good illustration came before me a little while ago while skimming a copy of *Black and White*. Among the items of news, my eye fell upon the following paragraph: "The Right Rev. Allan Becher Webb, Bishop of Bloemfontein, was translated in 1883 to Grahamstown. He was much beloved in his diocese, but (lack-a-day) has now felt compelled to resign on account OF THE INDIFFERENT HEALTH OF MRS. WEBB." This is an excellent example of what the Catholic escapes in selecting only men whose hearts are not divided to be her bishops and priests. However, anyone who wishes fully to appreciate the difficulties, disadvantages, and disastrous consequences of a married clergy, should read Anthony Trollope's classic novel on the subject, entitled, *Barchester Towers*. It is certainly calculated to stimulate the

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imagination of the dullest reader, and will enable him to estimate, with some accuracy, the grave inconveniences to a bishop arising from the ubiquitous presence of a strong-minded, determined wife, as illustrated in the case of Doctor Proudie, Bishop of Barchester, as well as the lamentable drawbacks of a troop of hungry children, as witnessed in the case of an estimable, but handicapped, parson, the Reverend Mr. Quiverful, blessed with a family of fourteen children. Indeed, Parson Quiverful presents a doleful picture throughout the story, while his darling wife, Mrs. Quiverful, is furious at the unblushing way in which Bishop Proudie crouches under the thumb of his spouse, and exclaims: "Don't tell me! I know more about it than that. Does not all the world know that *Mrs. Proudie* is Bishop of Barchester, and that Mr. Slope is merely her creature?" The bishop himself, of course, because a married man, is not worth considering. Even *Punch* caught up the idea, and some years ago produced a most amusing cartoon, in which a little boy is being questioned by the bishop. "Tell me, my little boy," demanded his lordship, "who is that great and mighty Being of whom we all stand in awe, and before whom even I myself am but a miserable worm?" "I know, sir." "Well, my little boy, who is it?" Little boy: "The Missus!"

But apart from such drawbacks, there is not the shadow of a doubt but that Christ Himself intended His Apostles, and all those who should afterwards take up and carry on their mission, to be free and untrammelled. It is true that He passed no definite law on the subject, and prescribed no fast rule. No; that was left for the Church to regulate later. But His divine words clearly imply His wish and intention. Did He not, for instance, command them to "go forth without scrip or money in their purses"? Would He have laid such a command upon a married clergy? So again, when He bade them go forth into the whole world and to preach the Gospel to every creature, and when He warned them of the reception they were likely to receive, and even foretold that they would be "scourged and imprisoned and put to death," was He contemplating

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men with weeping wives cling to their breasts, and with troops of wretched children crying to them for food and protection? Surely not! The whole tenor of Christ's teaching on this point shows how little any such idea entered into His divine mind.

Besides, it may be further observed that He showed an altogether special preference for the virginal state by selecting virgins for His nearest and dearest friends and associates. He would have none but a pure virgin for His Mother, although, be it remembered, He had to exercise His divine omnipotence and to break through the ordinary laws of nature to make this possible. For His foster-father He chose the chaste St. Joseph, and for His precursor St. John the Baptist, likewise a virgin, while the disciple whom He most loved, another St. John, was also a virgin. Indeed, it seemed as though He were determined that none but virgins should enter into the inner circle of His love. St. Peter was the only one of the twelve Apostles who was married, and even he, on receiving the commission to preach the Gospel, separated from his wife and lived as though he were unmarried, anticipating, it would seem, the injunction of St. Paul, who bids even "those who have wives to live as though they had none" (1 Cor. vii 29). We know that St. Peter left his wife, because he tells us so himself. Did he not address our Lord and say: "Behold, we have left all things and have followed Thee"? And if "all things," assuredly his wife. Besides, we nowhere hear of St. Peter's wife accompanying the Twelve and following Christ together with her husband.

It may be as well to mention here, for the benefit of our Anglican friends, that even Queen Elizabeth, once the head of their Church, was clever enough to see the advantages of a celibate clergy. Although she put to death the celibate clergy of the Catholic Church, she did not approve of the married clergy of her own establishment. Macaulay assures us that "she always spoke with disgust and anger of the marriage of priests. . . . Burghley prevailed on

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her to connive at them; but she would only connive; and the children sprung from such marriages were declared illegitimate till the accession of James I" (*Burghley and His Times*). Surely it is enough to consider the duties, occupations, and manner of life, I will not say of an Apostle, but even of an ordinary pastor of the present day, to enable one to realize how incompatible such a career must be with the domestic calls of the married state. Even from the lowest point of view, and even if there were no ecclesiastical prohibition, it would be a great mistake for anyone who really wished to labour with effect among the people to hamper his freedom by wedlock. Look around and see how many thousand Catholic priests are doing a splendid work in poor and (what would else be) God-forsaken localities where, being alone, they can only just manage to live in the most economical way by exercising the utmost frugality and self-denial, but who would find it impossible to maintain a wife or find the means of bringing up and providing for a family.

There are other reasons also which seriously-minded men and students are not slow to discover, and which bear witness to the prudence and the wisdom of the Church in her legislation on this debated point of discipline. Here is an extract from a well-known non-Catholic writer, named P. Hamerton, which will serve to illustrate my contention. Referring to the wise legislation of the Catholic Church, he expresses himself thus: "In a celibate Church the priest has a sure position of secure dignity and independence. From the first it is known that he will not marry, so that there is no idle and damaging gossip about his supposed aspirations after fortune or about his tender feelings towards beauty. Women can treat him with greater confidence than if he were a possible suitor, and can confess to him, which is felt to be difficult with either a married or a marriageable clergy. By being celibate, the clergy avoid the possible loss of dignity which might result from allying themselves with families in a low social position. They are simply priests, and escape all other classification. A married man, on the other hand, is, as it were, made

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responsible for the decent appearance, the good manners, and the proper conduct of three sets of people. There is the family he springs from, there is his wife's family, and, lastly, there is the family in his own house." In his Essay on Marriage and Single Life, Bacon observes: "He that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are *impediments to great enterprises*. . . . Certainly the best works and of greatest merit for the public have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men, which both in affection and means have married and endowed the public. . . . *Unmarried men are best friends, best masters, best servants.*"

A good deal more, of course, might be urged in favour of the law of clerical celibacy, but the practice of the Catholic Church throughout the centuries, from her first inception to the present day, is by far the best as well as the most convincing proof of its extraordinary benefits and of its salutary effects, both upon priests and people. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." The marvellous expansion of the Church of God throughout the entire world, the exceptional success of her missionary enterprises, her marked spiritual achievements, in spite of very slender means, often even of real poverty, and of cruel opposition and savage persecution, have been to a very considerable measure due to the celibacy of her clergy. Take a single instance. We have only to look at our own country of England during the ages of persecution, when Catholic priests were hunted down like wild beasts, and a price was put upon their heads to induce the lowest and meanest scum of society to secure the tempting blood-money by betraying them to the so-called justices, who would condemn them to be hanged, disembowelled, and quartered because they loved God more than life itself. Who, indeed, kept the Faith from dying out wholly and entirely in England in those days? Who, at the constant peril of their lives, stealthily wandered about, up and down the country, and said Mass and administered the Sacraments, and helped and encouraged the few faithful Catholics scattered here and there throughout the land,

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though they knew the dungeon and the scaffold awaited them if discovered?

Could a married clergy attempt such things? Could a man, however zealous, with a wife and a whole family of children dependent upon him, lead such an existence and expose himself daily and hourly to meet martyrdom? No. When Christ said to His Apostles, "Behold, I send you as sheep in the midst of wolves," He was not addressing married men. So again, when He sorrowfully warned them that they "would be delivered up in councils and scourged and imprisoned and brought before governors and before kings for a testimony," He was not thinking of men leading a family life, but of those who, like the Apostles, had "left all things and followed Him."

✠ J. S. VAUGHAN.

FARMER AND HARPER

THE following dialogue, well known to students of modern Irish under the title of "The Contention between Donough MacLowry and blind Giollamhuire O'Cartan," is in its original form one of the most remarkable of seventeenth-century poems. It was made in the second half of the century, and, if the names are any guide, in the neighbourhood of County Armagh or Down. The passing of a whole order of society is mirrored in its ironic quatrains. After the wars of 1641 the old Irish way of life was destroyed. The poets, who had glorified and taken glory from that order of life, shared in its destruction. And with them fell their dependents, the harpers. The poem is then to be read as a bitter lament by some unknown poet for those lost glories and a keen satire on the new order of things in which the safe man of cows and corn and pence had a place, but the poet and harper went forlorn and shelterless.

(FROM THE GAELIC)

Donough:

What corncrake churring near the fold
Makes the high hilly pasture ring?

Giollamhuire:

I am the lad men loved of old,
Like Oisín lonely for his king.

No corncrake's name they gave to me,
Tyrconnel and the great Tyrone;
My music made them merrier glee
Than the May cuckoo's sweetest tone.

O'Clery, Ward and all the bards,
And Ulster now in ruins laid,
They held them worthy of rewards
Whatever goodly tunes I played.

God's Heaven rings with music round,
For, lacking song, no bliss may be;
Only the dead make no sweet sound
And stricken souls in misery.

Farmer and Harper

The watchers by the sepulchre
Heard angels singing clear and loud,
When to release all souls that err
Christ rising cast aside the shroud.

No cows in great cathedrals low,
There is no grinding of the quern,
The harps ring out, the organs blow,
Each singing to the psalms in turn.

The poorest church has music in't,
'Twas David's self that ruled it so;
No pope has ever thought to stint
Christ's church of music, all men know.

Good music puts the fiend to flight,
So learned authors all assert;
Witness how David's harping light
Cured Saul of all his spirit's hurt.

'Tis not my harp that rings untrue
—Alas, I lie not in the earth—
The fault, good Donough, lies in you
Who find the grinding churn more worth.

Clan Daly, Donough and the priest,
I mourn that these are lapt in clay;
My broken harp had never ceased
Were but those twain alive to-day.

Brian MacMahon, steed-renowned,
Who never wronged the Church of God;
O'Rourke, whose gold locks swept the ground—
My song is with them 'neath the sod.

I know not the young folk to-day,
In English pride they deem them strong
And see not that they walk astray.
Hark! for there's wisdom in my song.

Thy prayer itself to thee is now
All dark, thou beef-devouring lout;
An out-at-elbows farmer thou.
Be still. No more my music flout.

Farmer and Harper

Then Donough MacLowry sang this:

Listen, my lad, I'll tell you true;
You think your song shows subtle skill;
I'll make a mess of it and you,
Whether you take it well or ill.

For you the cuckoo's style's too good,
Your croaking song's not worth the name;
Edmond all music understood,
And yet he lacked the cuckoo's fame.

The corncrake and the cuckoo clear,
No man can prize their song too high;
For in the season of the year
They sing that bread and butter's nigh.

For high in air the eagle dwells,
And high in air the plunging hawk
And high is every winged thing else
Save my two birds that sweetly talk.

The cuckoo tells of bubbling cream
Far sweeter than thy sounding wood:
Sapless and savourless I deem
All Éire's harps however good.

In wheatfields, when the corncrake twangs,
He beats your music off the ground:
Dost know an empty belly's pangs?
Bread has a comfortable sound.

"Coming, coming, curds and whey!
Cuckoo, cuckoo!" the cuckoo cries;
"The barley's ripening to-day,"
Sings the corncrake worldly-wise.

A music sweeter to my mind
Your hurrying fingers never strummed:
Coll, Naoise, Nicholas the blind,
And all that ever on harpstring thrummed

These birds kill neither goose nor hen,
No grass or early corn they eat,
And farmers—those large-hearted men—
Find—no wonder—their music sweet.

Farmer and Harper

Your senseless singing sounds forlorn,
Why should I pay a price for it?
Save quern and cow and whispering corn,
Devil a singing suits my wit.

So Giollamhuire of fingers skilled,
Prating of music all the day,
Its box of milk and whey fulfilled;
For your whole harp I would not pay.

I'd rather hear the lowing cows
Twice a day at milking times,
With curds and butter for my house,
Than your shrill harp with scrambling chimes.

The loveliest music under the sky,
Believe me—I'm a man that knows—
Than droning psalms a sweeter cry
Is the great bull bellowing to the cows.

"Dreel-o-dro" sounds sweet to you,
I'd rather hear the cows at grass;
A succulent taste has "Dreel-o-droo,"
But sweeter curds down my throat pass.

Your belly's filled with sounding strings,
For you and I are different men;
Ask none of my rich-flavoured things,
I'll crave no music of you then.

The cuckoo loud, the corncrake clear,
They never any guerdon sought:
Your song is bitterer in the ear,
Learn from the birds and ask for nought.

Since music's best is only wind,
Mere fools pursue it—this is truth;
A lump of dough's more to my mind
To still the frenzy of my tooth.

A crooked harp of noisy tongue
Is poor meat for a hungry wame;
With twenty keys 'tis tightly strung,
There are two score holes all round its frame.

Farmer and Harper

Ill is its frame, its pillar ill,
It hums like a hive of angry bees,
On its great base 'tis tuning still,
And harpers all find little ease.

'Tis running races up a hill
To string O'Cartan's harp again;
Once Dallán tuned it to his will,
But now it squitters a feeble strain.

Mice gnawing sixpence on a stone,
That's all I hear of all your jig;
I cock my ear; a dying moan
Is all that comes, like this: "Big, big."

Strike out, my lad, a stronger tone,
I give you good advice, I vow;
Since brazen strings are feeble grown,
Then string your harp with cartropes now.

If you put plague upon my calf,
You'll pay for that, my one-eyed friend;
I'll mark—I don't do things by half—
You and your harp to the world's end.

Rough lumps of rich, unsweetened curds
As big as the head of O'Cartan's ox
At Leacan sell instead of words—
'Twill buy your shivering harp a box.

Clan Walter, they are gone away,
They'll buy no more your harpings dear;
Clan Teague has taken its last prey,
My flock no longer feeds in fear.

Clan Ward, Clan Clery, ill they fare,
Their wisdom and their songs are gone;
The richest farmer at the fair,
He's the true singing Solomon.

The biggest stack, the finest flock,
The largest heap of pence laid by,
These give the churl of basest stock
Nobility and ancestry.

Farmer and Harper

So buy some pipes, your old harp sell,
That useless burden of your back,
Pipes and the quern accord right well,
The drone has got a friendly knack.

Brian MacCon, he sets no store
In music now, for he is dead;
O'Shaughnessy's in Gort no more,
'Tis time your fingerplay was sped.

Vaunt not the Callough Roe, for he
Is only mortal and must go;
I've told but half your misery,
Since all the world's a fleeting show.

Your wretched trade won't buy you boots,
'Tis madness breeding scorn and woes;
The quern's ripe fruit has golden roots
And money with the cow's milk flows.

Thou loose-lipped harlot! thou didst sell
Thyself too dearly to this knave;
Devils will mince thy soul in Hell,
Worms eat thy body in the grave.

If you had half as many eyes
As his harp holes, you would have known
Long years ago my words were wise
And left the chattering knave alone.

Daily their hope grows less and less,
Song wastes the world and all its store;
Poor fools! they wander shelterless,
And all men spurn them from the door.

Earth's lost. Then do not Heaven lose,
Thou'rt blind, let God make clear thine eyes,
And Heaven for thy portion choose,
The only wealth that never dies.

Translated by ROBIN FLOWER.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

MONSIGNOR KOLBE, D.D., D.Litt., comes from Capetown to Orchard Street to publish his *Up the Slopes of Mount Sion, or A Progress from Puritanism to Catholicism* (Burns Oates and Washbourne), and the long distance covered was well worth while. His story is a story of real home-coming, geography apart. He sets out on the telling of it with an intention and an admission all converts will apprehend:

I do not mean to make the slightest effort to discriminate between natural and supernatural experiences. I take it that all gifts come from our Heavenly Father; and if somebody should say I had a natural predisposition towards the mysteries and mysticism of the Catholic Church, I can only reply that, if so, I am grateful for a natural help without which I should probably have been too feeble to find the truth in this maze of a world.

All his early life was passed under the religious influences of Puritanism, "the strict Sabbath, and still stricter grandmother." And the interesting thing is that Mgr. Kolbe does not speak with any disdain of the days when fairy-stories were banned, and when his present on his fourth birthday was a Bible he could already read: "George Herbert knew what he was saying when, with Puritanism all around him, he praised 'the sweet and virtuous soul.'" And, for himself, he says: "He has nothing but gratitude to his parents for their discipline, and nothing but gratitude to his Heavenly Father for introducing him into life amid surroundings so sweet." The frequent absence of this "sweetness" in other homes of Puritans he admits: "There is never too much religion"—it is a common taunt that there is, he says; "but sometimes unfortunately there is not enough home affection, or perhaps I should say such affection is too stoically suppressed." That is a saying with a wider application than is here given. "By their fruits ye shall know them"; and great is the travesty of a Catholic home in which there is no daily graciousness, no abiding tenderness. It is the given test—by this shall all

Up the Slopes of Mount Sion

men know that we are His disciples, if we love one another. Mgr. Kolbe does not otherwise complain of the austerities of life practised in Puritan families. After all, they are the self-denials that the Church takes close to her heart: the abstinence from worldly amusements she prescribes to her monks and her nuns.

When he was nine years old, the boy was sent to school in England; and, at Reading, he learned among other things "a love for the beauty of the Anglican Common Prayer." When he was fourteen he returned to the Cape; and by that time, Bible student as he was, he had begun to ask himself why there were so many things ordained in Scripture which the ordinary practice of Puritans ignored. At the age of twenty he was back again in England, in his pocket a Jameson and a Gilchrist scholarship which gave him the choice of a University, and ended by his entry at University College. An acquaintance with a Catholic, Miss Makepeace, and a visit to Paris and the Abbey of Jouarre, brought him on to the reading of *The Imitation* and other books by which he was led to conclude that "these Catholics had a valid reason for everything they did." Then he came under the spell of the Real Presence, for which the definite words of Scripture had prepared him. The music in the Paris churches distracted but did not alienate him. Returning to England, he settled near the Passionist Retreat at Highgate, whose church did not, alas! help him much, for he found (this was in the 'Seventies) the "offensively inappropriate" music, the "tawdry" decorations and the unhelpful sermons "only a hindrance to devotion." Then followed a course of the Fathers, and, finally, his reception: "I have taken a solemn resolution to be devoted entirely to the service of God. I am no longer at my own disposal." How that resolution has been kept, the maker of it does not himself say. That he has also been the keeper of it is well known in South Africa, and is by no means unknown in the country which had some proud share in the moulding of him.

W. M.

Some Recent Books

MR. JOHN L. STODDARD, in "Rebuilding a Lost Faith," has given us, under the title of *Christ and the Critics* (Burns Oates and Washbourne), an English version of a work by Dr. Hilarin Felder, O.F.M. He has done his work thoroughly well, and save in one or two places has avoided the heaviness of style which is to be feared in a translation from the German. In a previous volume the author has proved that Our Lord believed and claimed Himself to be true God. Taking up his argument he now gives an exhaustive account of the grounds upon which we accept Christ's claim as true. He treats first of His Person, secondly of His miracles. In a work of immense erudition—consisting of some 460 closely printed pages and quoting some 600 authorities—we have a positive exposition of the character of Our Lord as depicted in Holy Scripture and a useful recital of the main principles of His Gospel, showing both its superiority relatively to other teaching and its own absolutely sublimity. But the main object of the work, as its title shows, is polemic. The truth is proved negatively by a confutation of the rationalistic critics. Indeed, to a large extent, when their views are stated they are seen to confute one another. The author's line of argument is the customary one. Christ claimed to be God. He is wise and therefore not self-deceived; He is good and therefore does not deceive us. The conclusion is that His claim must be accepted.

In opposing this argument the critics take various lines. Sometimes they allow that He made the tremendous claim to Divinity, but say that He was self-deceived. Sometimes, on the contrary, they affirm Him to have been wise and good, but deny that He ever claimed to be God. Others even deny His moral character. Therefore, to one so well-read in the French and the numberless German critics as is our author, it is not a difficult task to balance the denials of one against the admissions of another, and to set them off in such a manner that they cancel out and leave the truth standing majestic in its simple grandeur. For error is manifold, as Cardinal Newman used to say, but truth is one. A similar method can be followed in

Christ and the Critics

dealing with their denial of our Lord's miracles. On the unphilosophical and unscientific nature of such denial, Dr. Felder is very full and convincing, and in this case also he is able to show how destructive of one another are the various grounds of objection. One critic admits that they happened but denies that they are miracles; another admits that they are miracles but denies that they happened. One says that our Lord died but did not rise again; another says that He rose but had not died. One asserts that the Apostles were credulous men, ready to believe every idle tale; another says that they were crafty men, clever enough to foist a deception upon the world. The critics cannot have it every way.

Dr. Felder has done his work well. But we sometimes wonder whether many of these critics are really worthy of the prolonged attention he bestows on them. The revolting blasphemy of many of them is only less offensive than their patronizing affectation of superiority. Nothing is sacred to them. There is nothing they will not call into question—His wisdom, His truthfulness, His morality, His very sanity. We suppose it is that, as Mr. Belloc writes somewhere, the more obviously true a thing is, the more glory there is in denying it.

P. E. H.

BY translating for us under the title of *Christ and the Critics* (Burns Oates and Washbourne) the first volume of Father Hilarin Felder's great work on "Jesus Christ," Mr. John L. Stoddard has put many English students under a real obligation. The translator himself has an interesting history. He was for forty years an American agnostic and rationalist, who was startled into fresh enquiry by the catastrophe of the world war, and eventually found satisfaction for his difficulties in the arms of the Catholic Church. He has done his work well, for one is seldom conscious that the book is a translation, and the English flows readily and easily. But the book itself is, for English readers, overloaded with learning. The quotations from German rationalist writers, some of them hardly in the first rank, are so numerous that there

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are often as many as twenty references given in footnotes at the bottom of the page. Here in England these books are not easily accessible; the quotations from them are often very short and sometimes are reduced to a mere catalogue of names. One is inclined to ask whether the book would not have been much more valuable, because it would have been more readable and have reached a wider circle, if it could have been materially shortened by the omission of a great many references. But perhaps this is hypercritical. The book is one of real value and very great learning. The author is excellent throughout in the discussion of the Messianic consciousness of our Lord and in tracing the historic development of the Messianic claim in its relation to Jewish misconceptions and prejudices. But perhaps the most valuable section of all is that which deals with the Divinity of Christ. This is so good that we should like to see it reprinted separately. It would make with very slight alteration a complete separate treatise on the all-important subject with which it deals.

We hope that this volume is only an instalment and that Mr. Stoddart intends to give us in due time the remaining portions of Father Felder's great work. A. B.

THE Year of Jubilee was sure to call forth fresh attempts to explain the treasures of Rome to foreign visitors, and Mr. Roger Thynne's work on *The Churches of Rome* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., xxxiii + 460, with a map and 48 illustrations, 12s. 6d.) is well timed. He deals only with a selection of the vast number of Roman churches, but his selection includes most of those ordinarily visited by tourists. There are, however, some notable omissions, and among these the most serious is San Sebastiano, with its wealth of Apostolic traditions, now being so marvellously confined and extended by the important discoveries made in the course of the recent excavations.

Mr. Thynne proves himself on the whole a very capable guide. He is more of a medievalist, or perhaps a student

The Churches of Rome

of the Renaissance, than an antiquary strictly so called, and his work on the oldest churches is rather sketchy and inadequate from the point of view of archæology. He is very clear on his own likes and dislikes in architectural matters, and some critics will feel that he would have done better to have kept his own personality more in the background. He is sometimes needlessly outspoken in his criticisms, as, for instance, when he tells us of the Altar of the Chair in St. Peter's, that the angel figures, "beautiful in themselves," are "stuck into a doughy mass of confusion resembling nothing so much as an unwholesome sugary confection carved out with a spoon," and so lose all their beauty. He is at his best in his descriptions of the Tombs of the Popes in the various churches, and at his worst whenever he invades the domains, to him obviously unfamiliar, of the real archæologist. Many tourists will find the book a handy companion, and will be led by it to a more intelligent comprehension of the inexhaustible treasures of Christian Rome. But they must not trust Mr. Thynne's scholarship too implicitly. Take, for instance, his account of the final inhumation of St. Peter. The *Liber Pontificalis*, he informs us, "narrates that Constantine, after his conversion and in the presence of Pope Sylvester, exhumed the body of the Apostle and placed it in a silver casket which he enclosed in a large bronze sarcophagus. . . . Replacing the sarcophagus in the opened grave, he built above it a small chapel with an altar over the exact spot where the body lay." It would scarcely be possible to include a greater number of misstatements in a single sentence.

A. S. B.

THE Orchard Series are well continued in Mr. Nevile Watts' *Love Songs of Sion* (Burns Oates and Washbourne). Mr. Watts insists that medievalism was not materialistic. Certainly material beauty and sensuousness were translated into every aspect of religion, including balladry and outbursts as fresh and naïve as the violets in the English hedgerow. These were no sectarian hymns or laboured efforts of the versifiers to pound religious hymns upon the godless: they were the song of the folk them-

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selves. The Reformers killed off something which neither Hymns Ancient and Modern or all the catches of Sankey and Moody can ever restore. "The flaw in Plato's theory of life had been that he provided no link between the Ideal and the Real. But the Middle Age, with that grasp of truth completer than Plato's, knew of such a link in the doctrine of transubstantiation. In repudiating this doctrine, the reformers, who thought that they were enthroning the Absolute in each individual bosom, banished it to an exile remoter than the remotest star." There are many versions of the marvellous *Quia amore langueo*, of which Mr. Watts has modernized one—our Lord's reproaches to the human soul:

See, love hath shod me wondrous strait;
She buckled my feet, as was her will,
With sharp nails: "Lo thou mayest wait."
In my love was never deceit,
Her all my members I opened unto;
My body I made her heart's bait.

The epigrams and snatches of song sometimes touch that quaintness and sincerity which the anonymous are allowed to attain for their humility's sake:

Wit is a-wonder and reason out-ran,
How maid is mother and God is man.
Leave thy search and believe the wonder;
God is the Lord and skill goeth under!

Two pieces seem to us real poetry—"The Falcon," from a Balliol MS., and a winter's chantey from the Harleian ending:

Jesu, lead us by the hand
To thine ever-summer land!

S. L.

THE Irish Texts Society make a gallant effort to be perennial in their publications, and we congratulate them on producing Miss Cecile O'Rahilly's *Pursuit of Gruíadh Griansholus* (Simpkin Marshall). It is a fine

Gruiadh Griansholus

piece of medieval story, worked like embroidery on the epical theme of Cuchulain, with allusions and alliteration in the fine old style of Celtic Saga. It is of the later seventeenth century in language, and strangely interwoven with classical variations, as though the skilful scribe wished to show his wide reading. It was considered essential that the Cuchulain and Fenian cycles should never be mixed; nay, it was the great heresy charged to the author of Ossian; but, nevertheless, there are Fenian allusions in this late apocrypha, so to speak, of the Cuchulain Canon.

The tale is an entangled and adventurous romance. Cuchulain sees the daughter of the King of Antioch landing at Dundalk with a hideous giant in pursuit. The giant insults the hero and recaptures the maiden. Cuchulain suffers distortion with wrath, and with Laoi sets sail in pursuit in the *Speckled Ship*, which in its way was an ecclesiastical relic, for "it was made of the remains of the Ark which Noah the son of Lamech made against the Flood." The giant was hideous-hued, "bluer than the foxglove was he, and whiter than a hyacinth his two eyes," and his brother was yet more terrible, for "the night he was born his mother went with him to the confines of Hell and dipped him thrice in the depths of the River Styx, and arms or weapons never wound anyone who is dipped therein." This monster was vulnerable in one spot only, in his nose, so it is presumed that she held him nasally at his demoniacal baptism. It reads like a sinister parallel of the old Irish custom of excluding the sword-arms of children from baptism that they might know no mercy in one part of their bodies at least. Cuchulain is grievously wounded by this giant, and asks Laoi to slay him rather than fall into the monster's hands. In this plight he is succoured by his fairy relations and slays the Giant the next day with the formidable Gae-Bulg. Thence to Morocco to slay Catheads, and after reuniting three love-crossed couples he returns in triumph to Ireland.

"The chief mark of the style is the accumulation of adjectives expressing minute shades of meaning according to a special system of alliteration and euphony." Much of

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this is necessarily lost in the English, but the casual reader of the translation will catch many a phrase and metaphor from an old and perished world. We see the hero driving his chariot "like a squirrel leaping amongst the leafy trees of a wood," and we hear the anxious reproaches of his charioteer when his master is overpressed; "Methinks, Cuchulain, thou art not able to destroy the hero who opposes thee, for I see that he has smitten and pierced thee as a tool pierces an oak-tree, and he has encompassed thee as the woodbine the wood, and he has scattered thy arms and equipment as the sun scatters a shower, so that thy ill-repute and dishonour will travel through the four quarters of the world and in particular to Dundalk, thou distorted capricious little sprite!" The same grim humour occurs in the speech of the giant when Cuchulain assures him of his coming fate. "I think that thy nurse of instruction must have been a female horse-messenger or a wandering woman, which causes thy words to be so exceedingly foolish."

The Gae-Bolg was so formidable that it required a special weapon to cut it out of the bodies it had once slain. "And they say that this Body-Cutter was the sword which Finn MacCool had afterwards when he was in authority over the Fenians of Ireland." In this sentence the two great testaments of Irish Epic are united. All splendid is Cuchulain with the swiftness of a swallow and the fierceness of a dragon, as the spearheads travel towards him and from him "like unto a swarm of little bees about a hollow tree protecting their nest and their young offspring," and "the body pierced and perforated by the continuous casting of Cuchulain was like unto a honeycomb." S. L.

MISS VIOLA MEYNELL breaks a long silence with her book of short stories, *Young Mrs. Cruise* (Arnold). The short story, like the sonnet, demands an art which is not to be mocked. Either it becomes puffed or flat in the hands of the uninspired, or overpointed and over-dramatically mechanized by the eager. The short

Young Mrs. Cruse

story must be more than an episode, and leave something more permanent than a sensation, a poignant haunting incompleteness to which, however, not a word could be added. The short story must give the middle of the triptych, leaving the past to be guessed and the future to be assumed. Viola Meynell does all this, and leaves us with a sense of Maupassant's power without his unpleasantness. She moves between the Latin realism and the Russian dreaminess. Her themes are simple and deliberate. The suspense of the reader is maintained, and, before he has quite grasped what it is all about, the solution is thrown on the target. "We were Just Saying" tells the tragedy of a deaf girl whose deaf mother had let her father die through not being able to hear his cries. "Ten Minutes" describes a pretty woman who is sentenced by the doctors to death, but their verdict is withheld from her, and she only realizes it when the normal plans of the family are changed in every direction—her girl gives up going to a settlement and her boy to the Colonies. The language is suggestive and distinguished. No phrases strike, divert, or destroy the reader's attention; but it all reads of a piece as though immense or no trouble had been taken. The sentence in which the Society lady sees death as "a mere relentless confiscation of pretty things and delightful arrangements" is typical. We read a hundred sentences like "a young passion for usefulness that was in danger of being starved in her own house." The serious depth of the stories is equalled by the fineness of texture. The only book of fiction from a Catholic author of any permanence last year.

S. L.

THE second edition of Abbot Butler's important work on *Benedictine Monachism* (Longmans) is a reprint of the first, with the addition of an appendix of some thirty pages, in which the author corrects a few slips in the original and deals with criticisms of his work made for the most part, if not entirely, by fellow monks. It must have been quite obvious to anyone who read the original edition

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with some knowledge of its subject matter that certain parts of it would provoke controversy and subject its author to more or less fierce criticism. This has proved to be the case; and the appendix in which Abbot Butler replies to his critics is not the least valuable portion of the new volume. For the most part these matters are such as can be competently discussed only by the elect; questions of monastic observance, whether relating to asceticism, the choir, or discipline, are not for the *profanum vulgus*. It would be unbecoming for such to intermeddle in them, though it may, perhaps, be allowed to an outsider to say that, judging from the evidence before him, Abbot Butler emerges victor from the fray. One at least of his opponents must have been hard put to it when he was driven to say, in defence of his own position, that the Abbot's appeal to the rule of St. Benedict, commonly spoken of by monks as the Holy Rule, smacked of Protestantism!

Two or three points appeal to a wider circle—for instance, the discussion as to the nature of St. Benedict's monasticism and the social class of his monks. Abbot Butler's position was challenged as "exaggerating the rusticity of the primitive Benedictines, overstressing the element of manual labour, and understressing the element of intellectual culture implied by the rule," and one of his opponents urged against him the impossibility of agricultural operations on the top of Monte Cassino. In 1920 the Abbot went to Rome for a congress of presidents. Before returning to England, moved partly by devotion and partly by "curiosity to investigate the facts as to the opportunities for field work," he went to Monte Cassino, and his curiosity was satisfied. "It was," he writes, "with some amusement that I descried as the first object that met my eye on driving up to the monastery two yoke of oxen ploughing a field within a stone's throw of the gate!" Further exploration brought him to a large farmstead and showed him that, though the top of the mountain was not an ideal place for farming, still there was a considerable amount of agricultural and arable land which would afford scope for the labours of the monks on the same level as the

Benedictine Monachism

monastery and within half an hour of it. Naturally he sticks to his original contention, and with justice.

Historical Benedictinism, he points out, "is the result of three great tributary streams flowing into the river that came from St. Benedict." The first of these sprang from Cassiodorus [*d.* 568], "to whom is due the introduction of study and intellectual culture," what Bishop Hedley described "as the spirit of love of learning for its own sake, which is one of the order's most cherished traditions." The second tributary had St. Gregory the Great [*d.* 604] for its spring. He it was "who began the clericalizing of the Benedictine monks." And the third flows from St. Benedict of Aniane [*d.* 824], "who introduced the tradition of liturgical splendour and elaboration of ritual, and the emphasizing of the office, even to the detriment of other original elements of life."

Closely connected with this matter is the question of the continuity of Benedictinism; the question as to whether a modern Benedictine has a real right to the name. That is too long a matter to be entered upon here, but it may not be amiss to quote Abbot Butler's concluding paragraph:

It has become a commonplace to speak of the "elasticity" of the Benedictine rule. This is a very good term. What is elastic allows itself to be modified by the pressure of external forces; but elastic unless it be worn out, ever tends, as the pressure of such forces wanes, to return to its original condition, and when the forces cease to operate, it does reassume its native form. It is in this property that elasticity lies, and that elastic differs from putty.

E. B.

IN *The Lives of the Brethren of the Order of Preachers*, the second of the Orchard Books (Burns Oates and Washbourne), a thirteenth-century record of the Dominican Order, translated by Father P. Conway and edited by Father Bede Jarrett, is Englished for the first time. The book originated in a decree issued at Paris in 1256, in which every Prior of the Order was requested to preserve any record of miracles or edifying occurrences happening

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in the Order or concerning it. So rich were the opportunities that within four years this book, containing innumerable instances of "miracles and edifying occurrences," was ready for publication. The inevitability and the common sense peculiar to fairy tales is apparent in these pious legends, in each of which the unmysterious, almost irreverent handling of Mysteries, the unexpected interwoven with the commonplace, and the unfailing moral conclusions, are all reminiscent. One of the most delightful records is that of the friar who, when composing a sermon in a convent, was so irritated by the persistent crowing of a cock that he went out and killed it. Reflection brought remorse, says the chronicler, and, repenting of his hasty temper and the loss he had brought on the Sisters, he took the dead bird and prayed that it might be restored to life. The prayer was hardly ended before the cock flew out of his hands on to the ground, and flapping his wings crowed lustily, *but not so tiresomely as before.*

In his admirable introduction, Father Bede Jarrett passes the final verdict:

Repetition, prolixity, irrelevance, are all to be found, and so is an almost fantastic love of the marvellous. These spoil the book for those who go to it for pious devotion and for those who hope to find in it the fragrance of thirteenth-century romance. It is too dreary for them, too downright, with so few touches of poetry, so few tears. But to the historian it is invaluable.

A. M. B.

SONNETS *from the Portuguese.* Illuminated by Nestore Leoni. (T. Fisher Unwin.) The wise know well that a convention, like a rule, makes often for freedom; and Elizabeth Barrett, when she pulled down the little Portuguese blind, was able to see and say far more than she could dare in her own proper person. She chose a reticence which, fictitious as all knew it to be, yet allowed her the more utterly to discover herself. No doubt her love for Camoens gained for Portugal the honour of that imaginary attribution. Browning said of his wife that her

Sonnets from the Portuguese

glories would never fade; and even a mere new edition of her sonnets, so richly dight on every page as is this, goes to the fulfilment of his words. Signor Leoni has played almost a lover's part in his adornment of the text; and the prefacing of the volume by an old essay of Mrs. Meynell's unites two names that undo Henley's witty saying that the Muses, being ladies, were open only to the attentions of men. Of the womanliness that is worshipped in Mrs. Browning's Sonnets, the Preface says:

No woman could have been the author of "The Ballad of the White Horse," and there are no signs that a woman capable of that masterly and triumphant poem will ever be possible. Nor is there any man capable of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese." A man, had there been such an elect man, might have written George Eliot's fiction, and "Wuthering Heights" and the greater pages of "Vilette." A woman, had there been such an elect woman, might have written Sir Thomas Browne's "Urn Burial" and Shelley's poetry. The genus, humanity, is obviously larger than the species, womanhood; but the species has its own value, keen and intense.

D. L.

IT is impossible to say what a finished piece of medieval hymnology is presented in Carleton Brown's *Religious Lyrics of the Fourteenth Century* (Clarendon Press). The bulk consists of the lyrics from Harley MS. 2253, the hymns by Friar William Herebert, which are translations from the Latin, Bishop Sheppey's lyrics collected at Merton College, lyrics from the School of Richard Rolle and the Commonplace Book of John Grimestone, and the Vernon series of Refrains. Unprinted material and better texts of well-known poems make the book valuable. Compare the beauty of the *Quia Amore langueo* with that printed in the Oxford Book of Verse. Among the Miscellaneous Lyrics we agree that "it would be difficult to find an example of ecstatic religious feeling which surpasses Christ's Gift to Man." It is interesting to note the extent to which vernacular hymns were invading the liturgical manuals. Probably if all could have been garnered into a single volume, Pre-Reformation England would

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have been found possessed of a Hymnal to which both Hymns Ancient and Modern and the Bishops' Hymnal would bow. The glossary makes it possible to interpret the spelling of words which seem to be spelt differently every time they occur. But lyrics such as the following deserve to be transcribed into something approaching recognizable symbols when it is possible to do so without breaking the metre:

Lo Leman sweet, now may thou see
That I have lost my life for thee.
What might I do the more?
For thee I pray thee specially
That thou forsake ill-company
That wounds me so sore.

And take mine arms privily
And do them in thy treasury,
In what stead so thou dwells,
And, sweet leman, forget thou naught
That I thy love so dear have bought,
And I ask thee naught else.

The collection is to be flanked by anthologies from the preceding and following centuries. S. L.

"FRITTO MISTO," by Mr. E. S. P. Haynes, is a model of amateur printing (*The Gayme Press*), and shows what can be done in an era of cheap and job work. The page, the print, and the graceful capitals cause a pleasure apart from the contents that publishers do not seem to realize is immanent in many readers. Mr. Haynes's vivid reviewing was familiar to readers of the *New Witness*. Like many writers of a sceptical cast, he frequently presents his startled homage to Catholics or the Catholic Church, and the Epilogue takes the form of a letter to Mr. Chesterton. Mr. Belloc and Maurice Baring are sketched in the same book that does justice to Horatio Bottomley, Dr. Santayana, and Havelock Ellis. From the latter Mr. Haynes quotes an interesting passage on the Mass: "As the gracious spectacle of the Mass is unrolled

Fritto Misto

before me, I think, as I have often thought before, how much they lose who cannot taste the joy of religion or grasp the significance of its symbolism. They have no faith in gods or immortal souls or supernatural Heavens and Hells, they severely tell us. . . . The Mass is a part of Nature. To him who sees, to him who knows, that all ritual is the attempt to symbolize and grasp the divine facts of life, and that all the painted shows of the world on the screen of eternity are of like quality and meaning, the Mass is as real as the sunrise, and both alike may bring joy and peace to the heart."

In congratulating Mr. Maurice Baring, Mr. Haynes thinks "that a convert to Catholicism should confine his remarks about his conversion to half a page, is indeed a literary and theological portent." It is high praise indeed to suggest the flavour of Kinglake and Borrow in his Eastern adventures. It is interesting to learn that that great Catholic Judge, Lord Brampton, left Mr. Horatio Bottomley his wig and gown in the hope that he would take up a great career at the Bar. The account of Mr. Bottomley is personal and good reading. "He has all the qualities and all the defects of an adventurer and a buccaneer. His virtues and his failing have been on the grand scale. He may die a cynic, but he will survive as a romantic." Personal likewise is the account of Mr. Belloc: "His poems reach a higher standard than Mr. Hardy's, and have more body in them than Mr. De La Mare's." Neither he nor Mr. Santayana has received his due appreciation yet: "It is interesting that both men should be bilingual Latins, and one wonders if to be steeped in Latin models as, indeed, Milton was, may not lead to producing new and marvellous effects in English." Mr. Haynes has known a great variety of men. He has seen Mr. Wells dance and shaken hands with Mr. Cecil Chesterton in the dock, to whom he dedicates some memorial pages; but he is now one of those to whom "memories mean more than hopes."

S. L.

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MR. MONTGOMERY CARMICHAEL has essayed a novel on the higher planes of Catholic mysticism. *Christopher and Cressida* (Macdonald and Evans) seems to place itself between *Richard Raynal* and *None Other Gods* of Mgr. Hugh Benson. It is written with the same book knowledge of mystical processes and with a taste of the author's heraldic and antiquarian lore thrown in. The Mavourez of Cleresby were of old English and Jacobite stock with a family saint Gideon, Crusader and Anchorite in the past, whose Carmelite Cappa was kept as a relic and an heirloom, a small piece being distributed to each member of the family as each went into the world. Christopher's father was an antiquarian who in his *opus magnum* had fully discussed the question "whether the strips on the original Carmelite cloak were *barry* or *paly*, concluding triumphantly for the former. The luckless wight who in a number of the *Notitia Heraldica* attempted to show that they were bendy, is treated with all the withering scorn merited." . . . The reader is not surprised to learn that he became founder and president of the Sphragistical Society. His son inherits the family power of vision and sees a signalling light over the head of Cressida, a clergyman's daughter, which is a sign that they are destined for each other. Unfortunately he does not insist on her becoming a Catholic while the iron is hot. "I soothed my conscience by leaving it to God, when He had in reality left it to me." Left to herself, Cressida broke their engagement and entered an Anglican Convent, whence she emerged after four years. But it was too late, for Christopher in despair had thrown himself into the abyss of voluptuousness, with "the dismal howl of *Mavourez love doth end in shame* ringing in his ears." He forfeits a fine position in his bank by embezzlement, and after his term in jail serves his expiation as a humble clerk. Retiring to Italy, he dies in sacred solitude as the last Lord Cleresby. "Surely never was peer of the realm at his last end so closely attended by my Lady Poverty." The contrast in the same soul of acute financial powers and also of visionary mysticism makes the interesting pith of the book. The reader

Christopher and Cressida

is not unprepared for visions of the Holy Child in the Strand and in a hansom cab. "It is always a Child. It is a Child now. He is wearing an imperial crown and mantle. With his sceptre He knocks insistently. Son of St. Gideon, let me in, let me in, that I may reign upon my throne within." Cressida follows him to the grave, and they are buried side by side after Christopher has apprehended "the arcana of his spiritual hymen, though it be in no wise given to him to utter the unspeakable words which he has heard in the consecration service of those mystic nuptials." It is a very rare and unusual book, something between a feuilleton and a mystic's manual.

S. L.

THE year of Byron's death-centenary has served a purpose, though but a secular one, since it has revived many memories and produced a literature that collects, concentrates, and preserves them. The best of these books, *Byron in England: His Fame and After-Fame* (John Murray), comes from Samuel C. Chew, Professor of English Literature in Bryn Mawr College. Another notable instance it is of the thoroughness and scholarship brought by America to the study of English men of letters—in Byron's case a man of letters indeed, who, if he was not a great man, and not a great poet, was and is a great fact. Professor Chew states his own case:

"The pageant of a bleeding heart" which Byron bore across Europe resembles other pageants in that behind it is a litter of paper and odds and ends; bibliographers, those patient sweepers, have been busy gathering them up ever since, yet many scraps are still blowing about the world. In these unconsidered trifles, as in all the relics that humanity leaves behind it on its stormful journey across the astonished earth, I find something of interest, something of pathos.

The note of moderation here struck is maintained through four hundred pages, occupied by expressions of opinion, together with comments that do not depend only on their brevity for their soul of wit. The Professor's thoroughness reaches out even to one, W. G. Thompson, of

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Newcastle, who published in 1824 some heavy *Lines on the Death of Lord Byron*. Yet somehow a paper penned by another and a known Thompson has eluded a search the most detailed and meticulous ever made. Byron and Francis Thompson make as strange a conjunction almost as any that two names could fashion; but the title of a volume of French studies has already made it—*De Byron à Francis Thompson*, by Floris Delattre, an able volume that does not come within Professor Chew's exclusively English survey. But the review of the edition of Byron, edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, which Thompson contributed to *The Outlook*, may here be retrieved:

The long-expected new edition of Byron, issued by Mr. Murray and edited by Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, is at length to hand in its first volume. Adopting what has of late become a rampant cant-word, the literary announcements have described it as "definitive." There are no "definitive" editions; there are "latest editions." This we might describe, perhaps, as an "extra-special edition"; to be followed, no doubt, in due lapse of time, by a "second" or "third extra-special," and so *ad infinitum*. Its special "definitiveness" lies in the fact that Mr. Coleridge has had access to the Earl of Lovelace's original manuscripts; and so, no doubt, will be able to give us a text including nearly, or quite, everything which Byron wrote—and very much more than was worth publishing. For chief *bonnes bouches* we are promised fifteen stanzas of the unfinished seventeenth canto of *Don Juan* and a considerable fragment of the third part of the *Deformed Transformed*. The first may be interesting; it is more than problematical whether the second will be. Altogether we are to expect "at least thirty unpublished poems." Of what quality we can only surmise from sad experience of such raking among the dead bones of literature. It is of no possible interest to anyone but publishers, and the great British public, which loves to find a master writing *coglionerie* after its own heart, that these fooleries should be added to a collection already abundantly foolish. Let us use Byron's own words regarding the fate of another writer: "Certes, these rakers of 'Remains' come under the statute against 'resurrection men.' Is it so bad to unearth his bones as his blunders? 'We know what we are, but we know not what we may be'; and it is to be hoped we never shall know, if a man who has passed through life with a sort of *éclat* is to find himself a mountebank on the other side of Styx." We do not blame Mr.

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Coleridge; Fate, fashion, public, and publishers compel him. But the plain fact is that these Byron *Juvenilia* are the most worthless ever put forth by a man of genius. We mean the collection generally called *Hours of Idleness*. They are feeble imitations of feeble imitations of feeble enough imitations; the dregs of the eighteenth century commingled with the settlings of the early nineteenth century; the lees of the "fast" hours of a fat school-boy. The beginnings of the true Byron are to be sought, not in the *English Bards*, but in some minor poems of about the same date, and in *The Waltz*. Yet the *English Bards* is so important in Byron's career that it must be dwelt upon; though it is tyro's work. That is not the conventional judgment. Mr. Coleridge, cleaving to the line of least resistance, after the fashion which makes a "safe" and popular critic, gives the conventional judgment, with exaggeration. It was, he says, "recognized at once as a work of genius. It has intercepted the popularity of its great predecessors, who are often quoted, but seldom read. It is still a popular poem, and appeals with fresh delight to readers who know the names of many of the bards only because Byron mentions them, and who count others whom he ridicules among the greatest poets of the country." Now, that Dryden and Pope are more often quoted than read there is, unluckily, no doubt. But Byron's satire is seldom quoted, and we will back our opinion that it is still more seldom read—even by Byronians. Like the satires of Dryden and Pope, it is read only by students; and we are entirely sceptical that it has intercepted among them the "popularity" of its immeasurably greater predecessors. Let the truth come forth—it is an academic study in the school of Pope; weak, weak, abundantly weak, in spite of a quotable epigram here and there. Take the lines on Coleridge, which are neither better nor worse than the bulk of the satire:

Shall gentle Coleridge pass unnoticed here
To turgid ode and tumid stanza dear?
Though themes of innocence amuse him best,
Yet still Obscurity's a welcome guest.
If Inspiration should her aid refuse
To him who takes a Pixy for a muse,
Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
The bard who soars to elegise an ass:
So well the subject suits his noble mind,
He brays, the Laureate of the long-eared kind.

Is it mordant, this brilliant variant of the time-honoured epigram, "Smith is an ass"? The whole poem is the would-be terrific onslaught of an ambitious and cleverish schoolboy who has read

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Pope. There is not a trace of the formidable satirist who was one day to write *The Vision of Judgment*. The *Hints from Horace* are just as good—or bad; and their obscurity proves what would have been the fate of *English Bards* had it been less sensationally “topical.” It won its fame because it attacked by name the best-known poets of the day.

Yet in this volume there are minor poems of about the same date, in which we see the development of the true Byron. The *Lines on a Cup formed from a Skull* already have no small portion of the reckless Byronic edge. The succeeding lines to Mary Chaworth show Byron’s sentimental side in process of formation, with much of its rhetorical effectiveness and directness, all of its melodramatic pose. *The Waltz* has considerable measure of his slashing mockery, and is a far stronger satire than *English Bards*. The truth is that Byron’s evil genius was Pope. It was a true instinct which made him impatient of the current demand for “romantic” poetry, and made him perpetually tend towards satire. It was a false instinct which led him to adopt the Pope model in satire. Pope, with his supremely feminine dexterousness of point, his swift and stinging rapier play, was the antithesis of Byron’s daring masculinity. Already in the brilliant devilry of his letters, Byron had found his true metier. He only needed to forego his ambition of the “grand style” in satire—the formal style of Pope and Dryden—and to carry the quality of his letters, polished and compacted, into verse. He only needed to look in his want of heart, and write. The day came when he found the secret, when he wedded his native temper with his ambition. The real interest of this volume lies not where the British reader will seek it—in the juvenile sentimentalities, in the lines to innumerable Mariés and so forth, not in the traditional “brilliant satire” of *English Bards*; it lies in the opportunity of gauging Byron’s unconscious struggles towards completion in that *genre* whereof he was a supreme master—social satire.

Mr. Lionel Johnson, elsewhere reviewing the same volumes, delivered a judgement almost identical with this of Francis Thompson’s. But is there not one neglected plea to be advanced in extenuation of Byron’s often only braggart surface infidelities? Sir Walter Scott predicted of him that, had he lived, he would have become a Catholic and even the postulant of a strict Religious Order. Remembering that, it is even a little startling to note that all Byron’s descendants (like Sir Walter’s own) are actually votaries of that Church, obedient to its discipline. Heredity

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is a strange, writhing, and elusive serpent: none can really capture and diagnose it. But if we are to say of Byron, as is commonly done, that this defect he had from his father and that from his mother, may we not even more plausibly bring his descendants as well as his progenitors into the reckoning? A man lives in his descendants even more than in his ancestors. Bequeathing merit, he may even stand as the redeemer of his race from his own hard heritage of wrong. The family tree must be rated by its new branches no less than by its old: there is no finality. And this truth's implications—dread them as we may—stretch out into the future far more revealingly than they recede into the past.

W. M.

EDMUND BURKE had bad luck in his lifetime: his prophecies were not believed; he had bad luck after his death, too, for his biographers (Lord Morley's monograph does not entitle him to be called a biographer) were all bores. The latest study of *Edmund Burke as an Irishman*, by William O'Brien (M. H. Gill and Son), calls for no toning down of this statement. Mr. O'Brien has carefully handled the material at his disposal, which is not much; has described the political situation in Ireland during the last half of the eighteenth century with about as much accuracy as many others before him; he has thrown fresh light and emphasis on the value of Burke's work for Ireland; and in the praise of his virtues he has exhausted a supply of adjectives which went out of fashion in literature in the lifetime of his subject. His method of hero-worship is *sui generis*—at least, nowadays. To persuade us, who have no need to be persuaded, of Burke's purity in politics, he drags up a crowd of nobodies out of the dust history had covered them with, and refutes them with the spleen and the shrillness that tire one so much in the political pamphlets of forty years ago. To some the phrases will be old friends. Burke is accused of writing a pamphlet against Charles Lucas. Here is how Mr. O'Brien refers to the accusation: "Had the ingenuous confidant of Zelim been

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really convicted of beginning public life as the nameless assassin of the foremost figure in Ireland's dash for liberty . . ." And again : "Burke's first essay in politics was not with a stiletto in the black band of Castle partisans who stabbed Lucas at the foot of Pompey's statue." In a dreary description of Burke's cousins and uncles and aunts, Mr. O'Brien says of one, a Surveyor of Customs in London, that he was as "indomitable an adherent of the Catholic faith as any who embraced the lions of the Colosseum." Were it not for this comical combination of skibbereeneagism and oriental rhetoric the book would be as dry as one of those goody-goody tales for children that people had begun to see the absurdity of long before we were born. There is not a line of humour in the book. There is no glow, no colour, no preciseness, no pulse, no vitality at all in the figure Mr. O'Brien has sketched of his paragon.

To some extent the fault is in Burke himself, we suspect. And this for three reasons : first, men don't like a paragon, particularly a political paragon who takes office alongside a man he has just denounced with the violence of a prosecuting barrister in an Irish Court, or a domestic paragon who forbade his son to marry the charming girl he loved because she was poor. Secondly, Burke left nothing physically big behind. The physically big exerts a hypnotic influence. Washington, a greater *man* than Burke, suggests himself at once when you cast around for someone whose purity you may compare his to; and Washington won a Continent from England. You can see the Continent. You can travel over it in a Pullman car. Lastly, Burke seems to have had little personality. When one thinks of the fascination those sad rogues, his colleagues Fox and Sheridan, shed on all they came in contact with, one has somehow a sneaking sympathy with those who found themselves bored by the rather querulous superiority of Burke, and who looked on the Irishman as a bit of a prig, or at any rate as a kind of polar, disembodied intellect that was virtuous because it had no temptations.

Remembering all this, one's heart is warmed by the splendid youthfulness of Mr. O'Brien's attempt to infuse

Burke as an Irishman

into the brusquerie of statecraft in Ireland a little of the mellowing conservatism of Burke's pioneer work for the same country.

P. McB.

NOWADAYS it seems to be increasingly difficult to present a satisfactory commentary on any part of sacred Scripture in anything like reasonable bulk. The difficulty lies in including and combining the very different aspects from which the subject must be viewed. The determination and translation of the text, its true historical and theological interpretation, its dogmatic, moral, or ascetical value, each of these claims its place in the field, each to the detriment or exclusion of the rest. Yet a satisfactory commentary must surely include them all, if only—at times—by giving adequate references to larger works. Dr. Boylan has tackled the difficulty with great success in the second volume of his study on *The Psalms* (Gill, Dublin). As he tells us in the preface, he has been induced by the insistence of friendly critics to treat more fully the "literary structure and thought-sequence, and the doctrinal implications of each Psalm." We are of opinion that thus he has made the book more generally useful. Yet this side of the work has been kept well within bounds, and Dr. Boylan has succeeded in making his notes, as far as possible, short and to the point. He does not waste words over obvious matters, and the book is innocent of padding. His aim is to make the meaning of each Psalm clear by the translation alone, apart from the notes or the commentary. Here and there obscurities remain, but this is inevitable in any attempt to translate the Vulgate version of the Psalms. On the whole he has given a rendering not slavishly literal, but substantially accurate and in good spirited English. Where the meaning of the Vulgate is obscure he gets inspiration from the original Hebrew, and so produces an intelligible translation, but yet one that can always be attached to the Vulgate text. The practical utility of this is obvious. The book will be chiefly used by those who are or will be under the obligation of reciting the Divine Office. Any trans-

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lation, therefore, however accurately representing the Hebrew, which cannot be in any way derived from the Vulgate, will not be of much help to their understanding of the Psalms or to their devotion. Dr. Boylan has remembered that he is translating poetry. He has been at pains to bring out, by the balance of his phrases and the arrangement of his lines, the peculiar parallelism which is the distinguishing mark of Jewish poetry. He restores, as far as may be, the rhythm of the original which is so often obscured in the Vulgate. The book is excellently produced, clearly printed, and well spaced. We have noticed several misprints in the Latin portions of the text, but none of any consequence. Also we have failed to discover on what principle the exclamation marks in the pages of the "Contents" have been assigned, and we should advise their omission in another edition. These, however, are very minute faults amid very great virtues. The book should prove a real boon to Seminarists and University students, and a welcome addition to the libraries of the Catholic reading public.

R. F.